HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1157.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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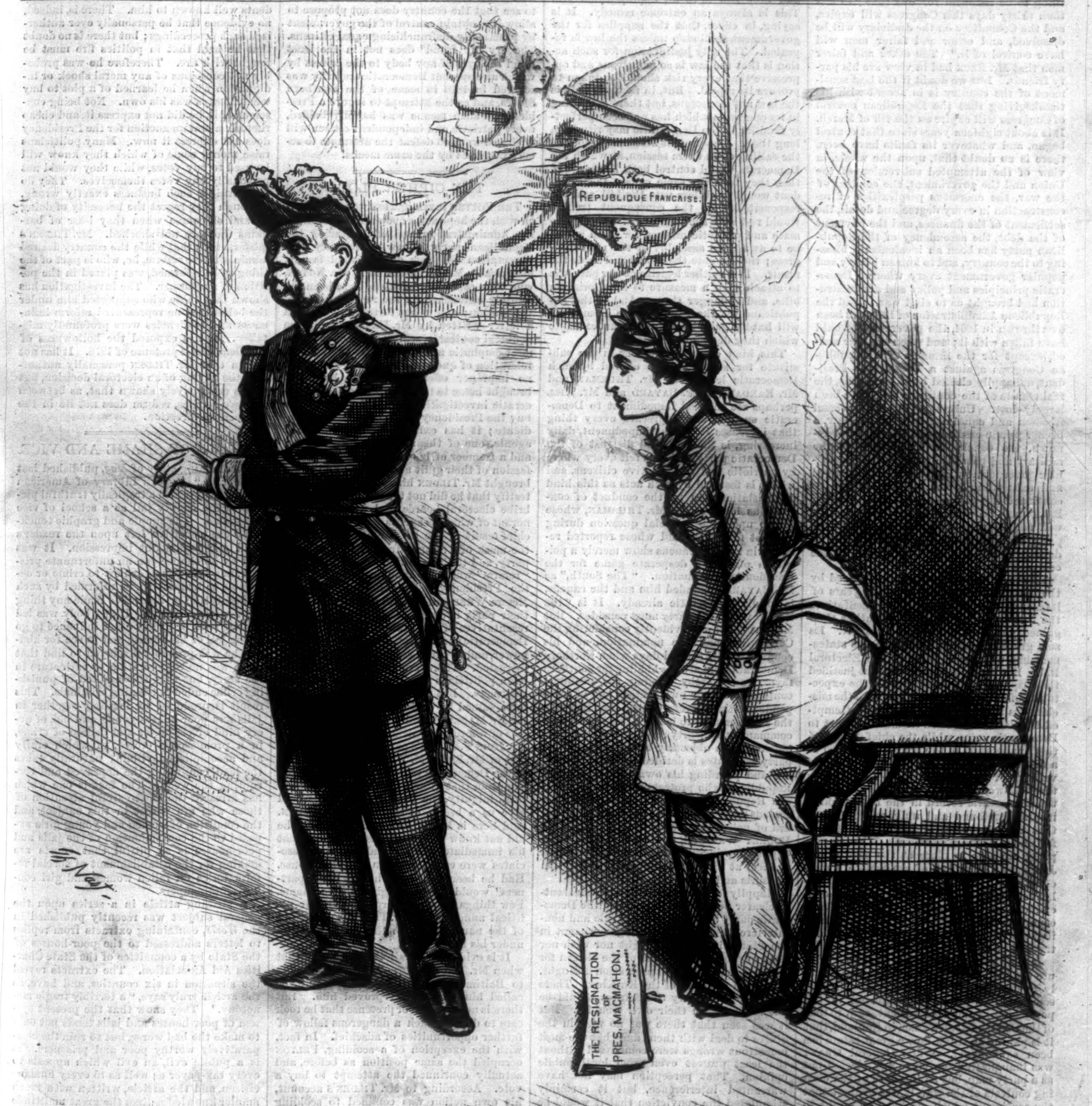

REPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.
THE RESIGNATION OF PRES. MACMAHON.
Th: Nast

JANUARY 30, 1879.

Mars. "I can not submit—this time—I resign."
Peace. "J'y suis; J'y reste."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 1, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains another installment of* "Awakening," *a spirited double-page engraving of an Afghan scene, and other attractive features.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

In some bitter remarks at the close of the debate upon Mr. Edmunds's resolutions, Mr. Beck, of Kentucky, said that the one thing to be thankful for was that "in less than thirty days this Congress will expire, and the Committee on the Judiciary will be dissolved, and other and fairer men will have control of it." The other and fairer men that Mr. Beck had in view are his party friends. But we doubt if the best sentiment of the country is in accord with his thanksgiving that the Republican control of Congress will expire on the 4th of March. It is about eighteen years since that control began, and whatever its faults have been, there is no doubt that, upon the whole, in view of the attempted subversion of the Union and the government, the conduct of the war, the enormous perplexities of reconstruction in every degree and detail, the settlement of the finances, and the payment of the debt, the ascendency of the Republican party has been an incalculable blessing to the country, and to human liberty and popular government every where. Democratic principles and policy and administration had brought us to civil war. Had the Republican Administration of Lincoln been overthrown in 1864, the government would have fallen with it; and when the war ended, except for the firmness of a Republican Congress against a Democratic President, unhappily elected by Republicans, the real results of the contest would have been largely lost. Unbroken union, universal freedom and equal rights before the law, a higher public credit, a greater national renown, the conclusive vindication of the military and patriotic power of a free popular government under the most prolonged and exhausting pressure, are all due to continued Republican ascendency; and Mr. Beck may be very sure that the country will not see with his unmixed delight the party that went out of Congress trying to destroy the government returning to the control of both Houses.

This is the more strongly emphasized by the fact that during the last four years of its majority in the House of Representatives the Democratic party has lost rather than gained public confidence and respect. Its sole great act of apparent patriotic statesmanship was the support of the Electoral Bill. But its subsequent conduct justified the suspicion that it did so with the expectation of a decision in its favor. All the mischievous financial legislation and attempted legislation has owed its main support to Democratic votes, while the chief debate of this final session in the Senate has ended in a distinct Democratic refusal to declare the validity of the constitutional amendments that followed the war. There is nothing in the Democratic record in the House which inspires profound and universal gratitude that both branches of Congress will now fall under Democratic control. If Mr. Beck's party are able to place at the head of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate a man of constitutional and legal ability and legislative experience and intellectual power as eminent as those of Mr. Edmunds, whose coming retirement Mr. Beck hails as a blessing, the Democratic majority and the country will be exceedingly fortunate.

It is no pleasure to Republicans to attribute the loss of the control of Congress largely to errors of their own party. There is something so proud and inspiring in the party history and achievement, akin to that of the Commonwealth's men in England, that it is painful to think how a great estate has been squandered. When General Grant was inaugurated ten years ago, elected not as a party man, but as the hero of the closing contests of the war, it was evident that the sentiment which elected him ought to direct the government for a generation. That it has lost the control of Congress in ten years, while it has steadily maintained the public credit, completed the restoration of the Union, and peacefully adjusted foreign differences, is due to causes within itself. The chief of these has been reluctance to relinquish sectional politics and to urge administrative reform. The party has thus chilled and alienated an important if not vital support, and some of its members seem to have supposed that its power might be retained by describing those who especially sustained the errors by which it was weakened as "stalwart." Meanwhile the painful and obvious truth is that the party itself is not so stalwart as it was when it commanded the support of those who now look at it askance. In the contest soon to open, "victory will perch upon the banner" just in the degree that the confidence of the doubters is regained.

THE OLD MOLE.

Mr. Bayard is reported to have warned his Democratic associates in their late caucus not to undertake revolutionary measures. The Democrats have long had a majority in the House of Representatives, but they have postponed to the very end of the session of the closing Congress a proposition to repeal the national election laws, and they add it to an appropriation bill. This is always an extreme remedy. It is saying, in effect, that the supplies for the government shall stop unless the law is repealed. The only justification for such action is that the law is so monstrous and oppressive that every risk should be taken to procure its repeal. But, in fact, not only is the law not monstrous, but there is nothing in its operation which has not been perfectly familiar to the Democratic majority for a long time. The present action may compel the calling of an extra session, at which the Democrats would control both Houses. If then they took the same course, the President would doubtless veto the bill, and the responsibility of the consequent trouble would rest with the Democrats. The legitimate and patriotic method for them would be to await the assembly of the next Congress; then to vote the repeal and abide the result. It is neither legitimate nor patriotic to attach such a measure to appropriation bills, and endanger them. And if the Republicans set the example, the Democrats will hardly gain by following an example which they denounce.

This kind of small trickery is the substitute for statesmanship offered by such Democratic leaders as Mr. Thurman and Mr. Randall. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Hill perhaps see the real impediment to Democratic success, and deprecate every thing that increases it. That impediment, daily increasing, is the profound distrust of the Democratic party which is felt every where by patriotic and conservative citizens, and which is fostered by such acts as this kind of legislation, and by the conduct of conspicuous leaders like Mr. Thurman, whose course upon the financial question during the last few years and whose reported remarks in the late caucus show merely a politician playing a desperate game for the Presidential nomination. "The South," as Mr. Bayard reminded him and the caucus, is solidly Democratic already. It is "the North" which the party must consider. But Mr. Thurman was evidently considering the Convention and the nomination, and his conduct recalls the old days when Northern Democrats were always bidding for Southern favor, and thereby earning the profound contempt of their own section and of independent citizens every where. Mr. Bayard, the sole Democratic leader of eminence who commands the hearty respect of his political opponents, in objecting to the follies of his party associates is derided by them as canting and parading his own virtue, as every Republican who protests against mischievous Republican courses is censured by his zealous party associates. Our general standard of political morality recalls that of Sir Robert Walpole, one of the most thoroughly unprincipled of statesmen, who used to sneer at those who objected to corruption as saints and boys.

Happily for the future, there is a constantly clearer perception that, while the Democratic party insists upon local rule and noninterference of the national government in the States, it has no thought nor wish nor plan to protect the rights of the citizen for whose defense national protection is sought. It is as in the days of the Ku-Klux. There was then a loud cry that States should be left to deal with their own troubles. But it was seen that there was no wish in the States to deal with them, and that the most monstrous wrongs were committed without the least protest even from local public opinion. That perception may not have warranted interference, but it certainly stimulated the conviction that it would be very dangerous to the country to have that spirit controlling the government of the United States. It is unquestionable that if with the demand for leaving the protection of personal and political rights to the States the Democratic party had also insisted that the States should protect them, it would have a very much more prosperous probability than it now has of carrying the next election. In the same way, if experience had taught the country that if the national election laws were repealed the States would protect and insure the freedom and purity of elections, there would be general acquiescence in the repeal. But every State is as vitally interested in the Congressional election in every other State as within its own borders; and hence the Constitution gives to Congress the power by law to make or alter State regulations in regard to the time, place, and manner of holding Congressional elections. It also makes each House the judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members. The Constitution evidently does not mean that Congress is to receive any body who may have received an apparent majority of votes, and as the Constitution further empowers Congress to take care by law that no State shall deny the equal protection of the laws to any citizen, the assumption that it is not the business of Congress how Congressional elections are conducted in a State is baseless. The Democratic party seems unable to see that the country does not propose to allow it to obtain control of the government by practically disfranchising equal citizens. The cry of "fraud" does not in the least blind the eyes of any body to the crimes by which an apparent Democratic majority was secured in 1876 in some of the Southern States, and as the attempt to secure a President by such means was happily baffled, every patriotic and independent citizen will wish and work to defeat the attempts to secure Congress by the same means.

THE CIPHER PLOT.

The Potter investigation was undertaken with the hope and expectation of ruining the Administration and of disgracing the Republican party. How ludicrously this expectation has been disappointed is now historical. Mr. Sherman and Mr. Noyes, who were especially accused, have been absolutely untouched by the result of the investigation; and it has fortunately elicited a letter written by Mr. Hayes during the doubtful contest, warning his friends in the most emphatic manner against any kind of toleration of questionable acts. But while no improper offer or attempt has been brought home to the Republicans, this Democratic investigation has disclosed a plot to buy the Presidency for the Democratic candidate; it has extorted from Democratic agents, one of them Mr. Tilden's nephew and a member of his family, the frank confession of their guilt and shame; and it has brought Mr. Tilden himself to the stand to testify that he did not try nor mean to try to bribe electoral boards, and was totally ignorant of what his agents were doing. The chief result of the investigation is to strip the mask of "reform" from the Democratic party, and to show to the country that such "reform" was to be inaugurated by buying the Presidency. The effort to separate Messrs. Weed and Pelton and Marble from their party is useless, for they are fair representatives of the kind of politicians that Democratic success would have brought into power, and to whom reform would have been intrusted. There are undoubtedly Republican politicians who are not very eminent reformers. But what could any good cause have gained by exchanging Mr. Chandler for Mr. Marble? and why should the interests of reform have demanded the defeat of Mr. John F. Smyth's party to secure the success of Mr. Smith M. Weed's? The capital of the Democratic party in 1876 was the assumption that after a long *régime* of Republican iniquity, the Democratic party would give us a besom of reform in Mr. Tilden. And here is Mr. Tilden confessing that he did not know the monstrous rascalities that his immediate friends and political associates were carrying on in his very house. Had he been President, his "wicked partners" would have brought him to shame. Few things are more surprising in our political annals than Mr. Tilden's ignorance of the naughty things that were going on under his nose.

It is evident from all the testimony that when Mr. Tilden learned of Pelton's visit to Baltimore to conclude the bargain, he called him back and reproved him. But there is no evidence or pretense that he took care to deprive such a dangerous fellow of further opportunities of mischief. In fact, with the exception of a scolding, Pelton occupied the same position as before, and actually continued the attempt to buy a vote. According to Mr. Tilden's account, his own action was confined to scolding his nephew and leaving him to his pranks. His conduct was that of a man who knew that such things, if brought to his knowledge, "would not do." But there is no sign of that mighty indignation with which his card last October declared that he should "crush out" any intimation of contemplated fraud. Indeed, when Mr. Hiscock pressed him upon this point, Mr. Tilden said that he supposed Messrs. Cooper and Hewitt would attend to the matter, and then proceeded in a kind of exculpation of Pelton, upon the ground that he probably thought that he was fighting fire with fire. The moral tone of Mr. Tilden's card was certainly not sustained in his evidence.

The general feeling in regard to Mr. Tilden's connection with the cipher bribery plot is undoubtedly that Pelton did not tell him what was going on. It is of course impossible to know what Mr. Tilden, as a shrewd and experienced politician, suspected, and what he chose not to know. But that his political conscience is very sensitive is probably not generally supposed. For some forty years he has been a Democratic politician. He went through the whole Tweed *régime* as chairman of the State Committee without any public protest. He accepted the usual party and political morality. The fact that votes were sometimes bought was of course familiar to him. Cheating at the polls and counting candidates in and out after the election were also incidents well known to him. There is, indeed, no evidence that he personally ever authorized such proceedings; but there is no doubt that he held that in politics fire must be fought with fire. Therefore he was probably not conscious of any moral shock or indignation when he learned of a plot to buy what he says was his own. Not being conscious of it, he did not express it, and cheap rhetoric about an auction for the Presidency does not express it now. Many politicians raise money some of which they know will be used to buy votes, while they would not personally buy votes themselves. They do not consider such business exactly wrong, although they regret the necessity of doing it, and of course when they hear of bargains they are not shocked. Mr. Tilden's misfortune is that while the country desired administrative reform, he, who is part of the thing to be reformed, was placed in the position of a reformer. The investigation has shown that those who supported him under the belief that he represented reform influences and tendencies were profoundly mistaken. It has exposed the hollowness of the Democratic pretense of 1876. It has not shown that Mr. Tilden personally authorized the buying of an electoral decision, but it has conclusively shown that, as between the two parties, reform does not lie in the Democratic direction.

SCHOOLS OF SHAME AND VICE.

The striking story of *Mag*, published last summer in "Harper's Library of American Fiction," contained a tragically truthful picture of the county jail as a school of vice and shame. The simple and graphic touches of the narrative left upon the reader's mind one paramount impression. It was that by no chance can an unfortunate prisoner, however young or new to crime or accessible to temptation, be reformed by such an institution, or, indeed, be made any thing but a worse criminal. If any body was led by that book or by any other influence to go to the jail of his county and to see for himself, he was probably dismayed to find that there was no exaggeration or caricature in the story, but that this method of punishing crime ended in training criminals. This result is produced by herding together in jails and poor-houses young and old, of every kind of character and degree of crime, in a promiscuous crowd, of which crafty and accomplished villainy naturally takes the lead, confirming the depraved and corrupting the weak. The fact is one which has arrested the most careful attention of those who are wisest in this subject, and the condition of women and young girls exposed to the contamination of the jails and poor-houses is so pitiful that efforts are making for the establishment of special reformatories for fallen women and girl convicts and paupers.

A striking article in a series upon the general subject was recently published in the *World*, containing extracts from replies to letters addressed to the poor-houses of the State by a committee of the State Charities Aid Association. The extracts reveal the situation in six counties, and have, as the article truly says, "a terribly tragic monotony." They show that the present system of poor-houses and jails tends not only to make the bad worse, but to ruin the comparatively worthy poor and prisoners. It is a public evil, an evil which appeals to every tax-payer as well as to every humane citizen, and the article, written with much ampler knowledge than the great multitude of its readers can possibly possess, asserts that the evil is too deeply seated and too widely spread, is too much the result of faulty legislation and administration, to be remedied by individual effort, however devoted, or by private charity, however munificent. The root of the mischief is the vagrancy of the women—now in the poor-house, then at large among debased companions, then in the jail, with its destructive companionship—and this root must be removed by breaking up the miserable round. The remedy can not be enforced in the counties because of the constant changes of official control of the institutions, and the only practicable plan is a State reformatory managed by women whose lives shall be devoted to the duty. One strong argument for State rather than individual care is that the largest class of the women who are to be dealt with require in their treatment the element of authority which no private institution can command.

The necessity of separate penal institutions for women has been long recognized by the most intelligent and experienced of the experts in this subject, and the Comptroller of this State calls attention to it in his annual report. But the measure which the communication to the *World* ably urges is so reasonable and practicable that it should commend itself to the interest and active support of those who understand that the questions of crime and pauperism can be wisely treated not by yielding to distaste and disgust, but only by resolute and persistent inquiry and action.

THE PRESIDENT AND POSTMASTER JAMES.

The President is accused of garbling a quotation from a letter of Postmaster James in his message upon the New York appointments. The passage in the message is this:

> "The Custom-house in New York collects more than two-thirds of all the customs revenues of the government. Its administration is a matter not of local interest merely, but is of great importance to the people of the whole country. For a long period of time it has been used to manage and control political affairs. The officers suspended by me are, and for several years have been, engaged in the active personal management of the party politics of the city and State of New York. The duties of the offices held by them have been regarded as of subordinate importance to their partisan work. Their offices have been conducted as part of the political machinery under their control. They have made the Custom-house a centre of partisan political management. The Custom-house should be a business office; it should be conducted on business principles. General James, the Postmaster of New York city, writing on this subject, says: 'The Post-office is a business institution, and should be run as such. It is my deliberate judgment that I and my subordinates can do more for the party of our choice by giving the people of this city a good and efficient postal service than by controlling primaries or dictating nominations.'"

The assertion is that the President garbled the quotation because he did not cite a previous sentence to the effect that nobody should be removed without cause. There was no need of quoting it, because the President holds and has always expressed the same opinion, and because it was not relevant to his immediate purpose. If nobody is to be removed from a business office without cause, it follows that those who use the office and its powers for politics and not for business furnish conclusive cause for removal. If, therefore, the President had quoted the passage he is censured for not quoting, it would not have changed the purport of his message nor disclosed any difference of opinion upon "this subject" between him and Mr. James; and this omission to quote the whole letter or any other part of the letter is certainly not "garbling."

It is equally absurd to say that the President intended to convey the impression that the letter of Mr. James was written in view of the action of the Custom-house, and that Mr. James approved the action. The message speaks of the Postmaster of New York as writing "on this subject?" What subject? The context that we have quoted from the message shows: upon the subject of conducting public offices as business offices and not as political agencies; and having stated his own views, the President enforced them by quoting those of the head of one of the chief public offices in the country as to the special department of public business intrusted to his care. The passage quoted by the President refers in terms to the Post-office, and he makes no assertion nor implication that it was written at this time nor in view of the Custom-house changes.

It is proper to mention that the letter in question, which was in no sense a private letter, and referred wholly to the conduct of public business, was sent to the President last summer with the most friendly purpose toward Mr. James, who was simultaneously informed that it had been sent, and who replied that he had no objection, and was perfectly willing that his views and actions as Postmaster should be known. At the President's request Mr. James furnished a copy of it for the President through the friend to whom the letter was addressed, with the distinct and express understanding that it should be used at the President's discretion for the public benefit. In alluding to it and quoting from it as he did in the message, the President's action was perfectly honorable and legitimate, and could be questioned only by those who prefer to misinterpret whatever he may do.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO THE COLLECTOR.

The letter of the President to the Collector of New York is a clear and positive statement of the principles upon which he wishes the public service at the Custom-house, including subordinate appointments and removals, to be conducted. It is perfectly easy to say that he does not mean it, and that he and the Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector have a secret understanding. Nothing, of course, but time and observation can disprove a charge of meditated treachery, to those who desire to believe it. A similar letter has been addressed to the Naval Officer and the Surveyor, and there can be no question that they intend honestly and thoroughly to observe the spirit of the President's instructions. The practical difficulty under the Grant administration was that the infant of reform was given to its deadly enemies to nurse. Any real change can be accomplished only by good faith. Without that the ostensible method of securing reform becomes only a more invincible protection of abuse.

The chiefs of the Custom-house will be exposed to the most relentless hostility if they honorably pursue the course indicated. They will be reproached by political associates with ruining the party prospects during a Presidential election by deferring to the impracticable whims of visionaries. The entire battery of familiar sarcasm, obloquy, and indignation will be opened upon them, and they will have to stand a pressure to which General Grant succumbed. But we have no doubt whatever of their purpose and their determination, and we shall be seriously disappointed if, under their control, many of the most odious and notorious abuses in the Custom-house are not reformed. They are entitled to the cordial support of that immense body of citizens who have no "axes to grind," but who are deeply interested in the conduct of public business—including appointments and removals in subordinate positions—upon business principles, and not according to the dictation of politicians, or the preferences of ward associations and local committees. We welcome the new officers to their honorable and patriotic task. It is in a direction which the good sense of the country more warmly approves the more clearly it is understood.

The President's letter, which shows the kind of "machine" that he wishes to construct, is as follows:

> "Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.,
> *4th February*, 1879.
>
> "Dear General,—I congratulate you on your confirmation. It is a great gratification to your friends, very honorable to you, and will prove, I believe, of signal service to the country. My desire is that your office shall be conducted on strictly business principles, and according to the rules which were adopted, on the recommendation of the Civil Service Commission, by the Administration of General Grant. In making appointments and removals of subordinates you should be perfectly independent of mere influence. Neither my recommendation, nor Secretary Sherman's, nor that of any member of Congress, or other influential persons, should be specially regarded. Let appointments and removals be made on business principles and by fixed rules. There must be, I assume, a few places the duties of which are confidential, and which should be filled by those whom you personally know to be trustworthy; but restrict the area of patronage to the narrowest possible limits. Let no man be put out merely because he is Mr. Arthur's friend, and no man put in merely because he is our friend. I am glad you approve of the message sent to the Senate. I wish you to see that all that is expressed in it and all that is implied in it is faithfully carried out.
>
> "With assurance of my entire confidence,
> "I remain, sincerely,
> "R. B. Hayes.
>
> "General E. A. Merritt,
> Custom-house, New York City."

THE COURTESY OF THE SENATE.

One of the significant and interesting facts in the recent action of the Senate upon the New York appointments was the rebuke of an abuse known as the courtesy of the Senate. This is a modern practice which amounts to a practical usurpation of the constitutional executive power of nomination. The judicial construction of the clauses in the Constitution which relate to nominations and appointments is that the nomination is the sole act of the President and completely voluntary, and that the appointment is also the act of the President, which can be performed only by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. It is evident that there was no intention to make the Senate a part of the active executive power, but that it was to be a check upon abuses of the right of appointment. The result, however, has been different. When the Constitution was framed, and for a long time afterward, the number of national offices was so small and the patronage so unimportant that there was no reason for departure from the plain intention of the Constitution. But as the patronage increased, the temptation to illicit action grew stronger, until, under various pretenses, it became a tacit understanding that an executive nomination was not to be decided solely upon its merits, including arbitrary attempts at removal, but by the will of the Senator or Senators from the State in which the office was to be exercised.

This practice was a plain evasion of the Constitution, and practically vested the Senators with executive functions so far as their own States were concerned. It was a practice, also, which facilitated the formation of a "ring" beginning with the Senator, which by means of the patronage could control political action in the State, transferring that control from the people or the party to a knot of interested office-holders. The consequent demoralization of such a practice is evident. Nowhere had it been felt more deeply, for nowhere was its operation more despotic and rigorous, than in the State of New York under the leadership of Mr. Conkling in the Senate. This explains the official changes in the State that were made at the close of General Grant's administration. Mr. Conkling and his chief agents naturally doubted whether they should maintain their influence under the new President, and they prepared for emergencies. Important officers were removed and new appointments made in Mr. Conkling's interest, in the expectation that if the new Administration should attempt a change, "the courtesy of the Senate" would sustain the Senator's opposition. Instead, therefore, of offering the touching spectacle of one man heroically standing against the whole pitiless power of the Administration, Mr. Conkling had the great advantage upon his side in "the courtesy of the Senate," which alone could hold the Administration in check; for it is a practice which makes a Senator, as against the President, a dictator for his State.

Whether it was the feeling produced by Mr. Conkling's reading letters which were held to be in their nature essentially private; or indignation with the insulting manner in which, as is reported, he spoke of the President; or the conviction that a President ought to choose his own subordinates if unexceptionable; or whatever the reason, "the courtesy of the Senate" was disregarded, and the nominations were confirmed despite a unanimous adverse report from the committee and the earnest opposition of both the Senators from the State. This is a very significant and interesting fact, and one for which every man who wishes to see the rights of each branch of the government duly respected will be grateful. The Senate is bound to consider nominations upon public grounds, and not according to the personal wishes of individual Senators. If a person nominated can be shown to be unfit for the office, or if improper motives for his nomination can be proved, the Senate ought to object. But if a President desires a change in an office for which he is responsible, the change ought not to be refused because a Senator who is not responsible desires that no change should be made. The action of the Senate has restored the practice of considering a nomination upon its merits, and not in its relations to the political fortunes of individual Senators. This practice, of course, allows a Jacksonian "sweep," but the remedy is in something very different from "the courtesy of the Senate."

PERSONAL.

The son of M. Dufaure is a wit. On the day of the debate in the Chamber of Deputies which many thought would end in his father's ejectment from power, he was waiting at the St. Lazare station in the hope of getting to Versailles by the one-o'clock train, but the crowd was so great that he was disappointed in getting a seat on the cars. "See how badly things are regulated," he observed, laughingly: "no places have been kept for the relatives to follow the funeral."

—Gustave Doré has been promoted to the rank of a Grand Officer in the Legion of Honor.

—Emilio Castelar has accepted an invitation to deliver a course of lectures on Spanish literature before the University of Oxford during the next summer term.

—Mr. Fairman Rogers, of Philadelphia, who is a member of the Coaching Club of this city, possesses a remarkable collection of books on horses and all kindred topics. These works are well described in the account of his library published in a recent number of Robinson's *Epitome of Literature*. The collection numbers over seven hundred and fifty volumes, and contains the pith of all that has been published about the horse, from the time of that fine old whip Xenophon down to the days of Bonner and Vanderbilt.

—Secretary Schurz says he has been more impressed with Chief Joseph than any other Indian he has seen. Joseph is about thirty-eight years old, of light copper-color, tall, lithe, well-formed, clean-limbed, with thin, spirited nostrils, small hands, and dainty feet. His voice is musical, and he has a simple-hearted chivalry of manner that is especially noticeable toward women. There is a fixed melancholy in his face, and his keen eyes watch every official countenance with the utmost vigilance.

—Bret Harte is having quite a success in London as a lecturer. The London *News* is quite complimentary to him, saying: "The Americans are of our own stock, yet in their treatment of the ludicrous how unlike us they are! Mr. Bret Harte's own vein is much more English and less thoroughly Yankee than that of his contemporaries. He is a disciple of Thackeray and Dickens. Of all the pupils of Dickens he is perhaps the only one who has continued to be himself, who has not fallen into a trick of aping his master's mannerisms. His mixture of the serious, the earnest, the pathetic, makes his humor not unlike the melancholy mirth of Thackeray and Sterne. He is almost the only American humorist with sentiment. It is only the air, not the spirit, that is changed—*cœlum non animus.*"

—Another of the oldest employés of Harper & Brothers, Thomas Bodley, has finished his work and gone to his final reward, leaving behind him a record of which those who survive him may well be proud. Forty-seven years ago he entered the service of the house as an apprentice boy in the bindery. By diligent application to the tasks that were given him he soon mastered the business, and from that day until less than a year ago, when he was prostrated by illness, he steadily and conscientiously fulfilled the duties of his place. Possessing an indomitable energy of will, he returned to his work after a partial recovery, and for two months more he stood at his bench. Finally, however, he was compelled to give up, and in a little while all was over. He left behind him a family of devoted children and a large circle of loving friends, who will long cherish the memory of his excellent life.

—The new Senator from Louisiana, Mr. Jonas, has high reputation among his Israelitish brethren. The Cincinnati *Israelite* says that "he stands to-day the foremost Jew in our country, and his co-religionists can feel assured that not only will no stain ever attach to him, but that wherever are found purity of official life, sterling integrity, and spotless private character, there will also be found the name of Hon. B. F. Jonas, of Louisiana. As a matter of interest to the ladies, we might add that what Mr. Jonas will be in the council of the nation his beautiful wife will be in its social circles. Endowed by nature with a superior intellect, she is as charming in manner as she is lovely in form and feature. We congratulate the Jewish people in the good fortune of having two such worthy representatives at the seat of government."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress: On February 7, the Senate, by a vote of 40 to 20, passed the bill to admit women to practice before the Supreme Court. The House non-concurred in the Senate amendments to the Naval Appropriation Bill, and agreed to the conference report on the Indian Appropriation Bill.—On the 8th, the Senate passed the bill abolishing the volunteer navy, the Indian Appropriation Bill, and a bill giving three months' extra pay to men who served in the Mexican war. The House passed the Army Appropriation Bill, with the reorganization amendment, and another forbidding the use of the army at the polls. The amendment for the transfer of the Indian Bureau to the War Department was defeated.—The Senate, on the 10th, passed the Certificate of Deposit Bill, with an amendment making the rate of interest four instead of three per cent. In the House, Mr. Manning, of Mississippi, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill repealing the statute in regard to the test oath required of jurors, and in regard to the appointment and payment of supervisors of election and special deputy marshals. The motion failed of a two-thirds vote, there being 126 yeas and 113 nays.—On the 11th, both Houses agreed to the conference report on the Naval Appropriation Bill. The Post-office Appropriation Bill, with amendments, was reported in the Senate, and placed on the calendar.—The Senate, on the 12th, adopted a joint resolution for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the recent escape and slaughter of the Cheyennes. Senator Cameron offered a resolution for the appointment of a special commission of nine on inter-State commerce.

United States Senator Christiancy resigned February 10.

The New York State Senate, February 11, passed the Assembly Bill making the robbery of graves a felony punishable by five years' imprisonment.

New York State has taken prompt action to prevent the spread of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle within its limits. February 12 both Houses passed a bill, and the Governor signed it the same day, appropriating $10,000 for this purpose. General Patrick and Professor Law were appointed with power to quarantine all infected stables, to slaughter all diseased animals, to quarantine all persons coming in contact with diseased animals, to disinfect all cars and stables occupied by infected animals, and to prevent healthy animals from being brought into infected stables.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Precautionary measures against the spreading of the plague are still being vigorously pursued by the European governments. A telegram from Tzaritzin, February 12, says that since the thaw set in the number of cases has increased.—In the villages near Astrakhan the populace massacred the doctors, believing that they poisoned their patients. A semi-official statement is published in which complaint is made of Roumania's neglect to give notice to Russia of her precautions against the plague. The locking of railway carriages containing Russian officers is considered especially unfriendly and unjustifiable. Roumania claims that her action is in accord with the measures adopted by Austria and Germany.

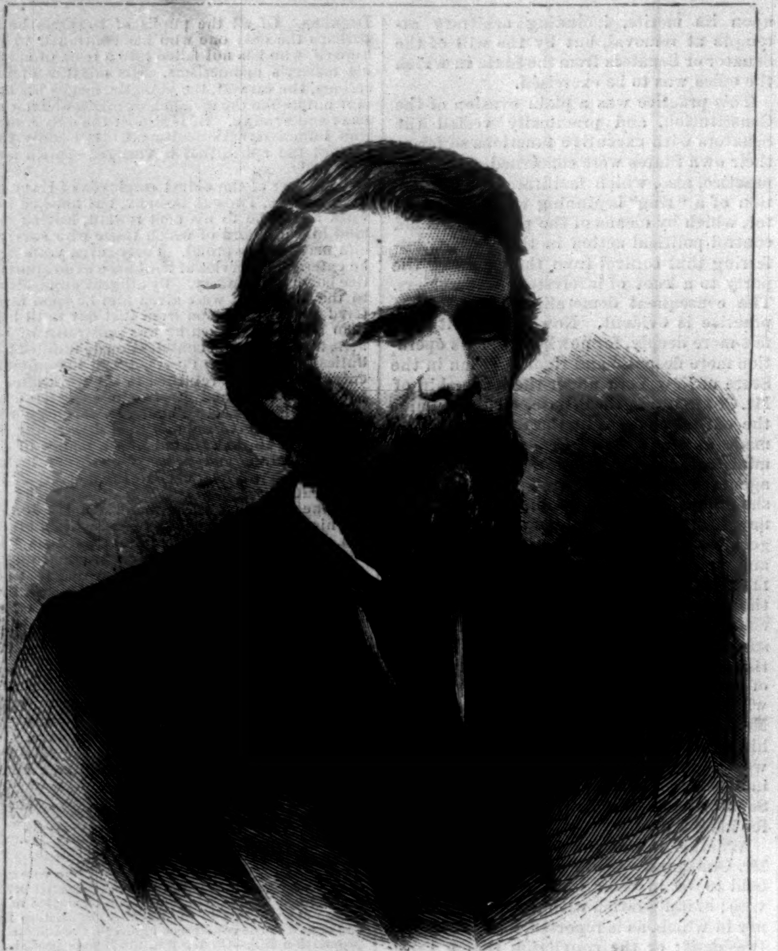
M. Albert Grévy was elected Vice-President of the French Chamber of Deputies February 11. The same day the government presented a bill granting amnesty to the Communists.

By an order of the British Council, adopted February 10, all cattle from the United States after March 3 will have to be slaughtered in abattoirs on the Birkenhead and Liverpool docks within ten days after landing.

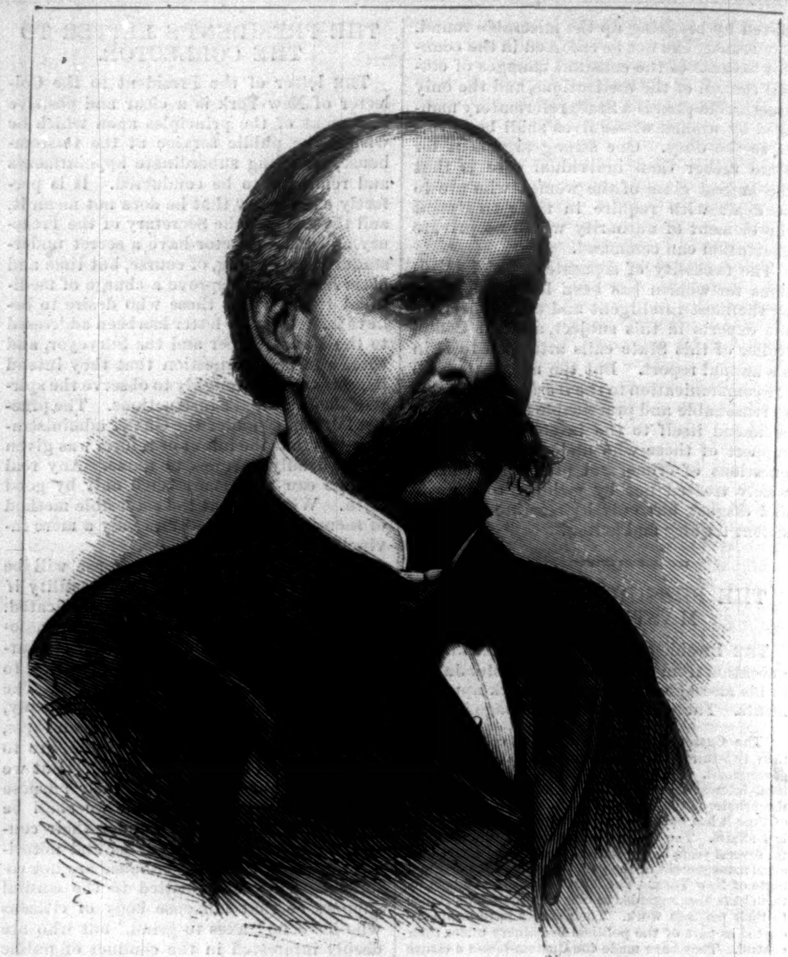
Later reports from Zululand confirm the news of disaster to the British troops, referred to in the article on page 165. Re-enforcements of 7000 men are to be sent out to Cape Colony at once. Fifteen steamers have been chartered for the purpose.

The German Reichstag was opened, February 12, by the Emperor William in person. In his speech he thanked the members for assisting in the suppression of the Socialistic evil. On the 13th, Herr Forkenbeck was elected President of the Reichstag, by a vote of 151 out of 218.

The definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey was signed February 8. It declares peace and cordial relations to be re-established between Russia and Turkey; provides that the articles of the San Stefano Treaty which were notmodified by the Treaty of Berlin shall remain in force; the mode of payment of the war indemnity and compensation to Russian residents of Turkey who suffered through the war is left for future agreement; all prosecutions for aiding either side during the war are abandoned, and persons implicated in the Roumelian disturbances are pardoned. The protocol declares that the recognition in the present treaty of the Treaty of Berlin changes neither the character nor the range of the latter. As Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania are independent, Russia leaves them free to come to an understanding for themselves with the Porte relative to their claims for war indemnity.—Immediately after the signing of the treaty the Russians began the evacuation of Turkish territory.—England has concluded a convention with Turkey purchasing the state domains in Cyprus, with the exception of the Sultan's private estates.



GOVERNOR PITKIN, COLORADO.—[Photographed by C. Bohm.]



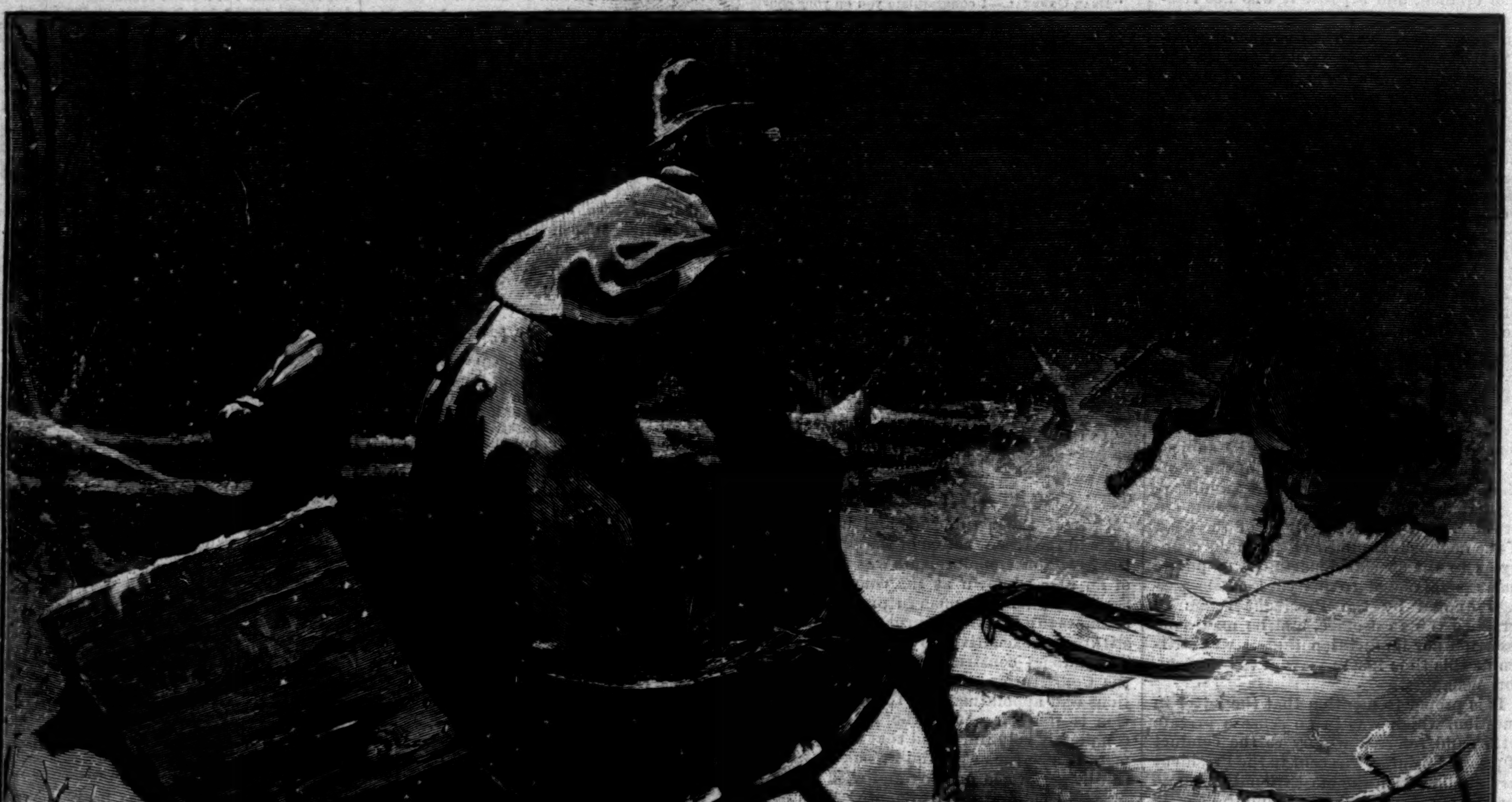
THE HON. N. P. HILL.—Photographed by J. Collier.—[See Page 167.]

GOVERNOR PITKIN.

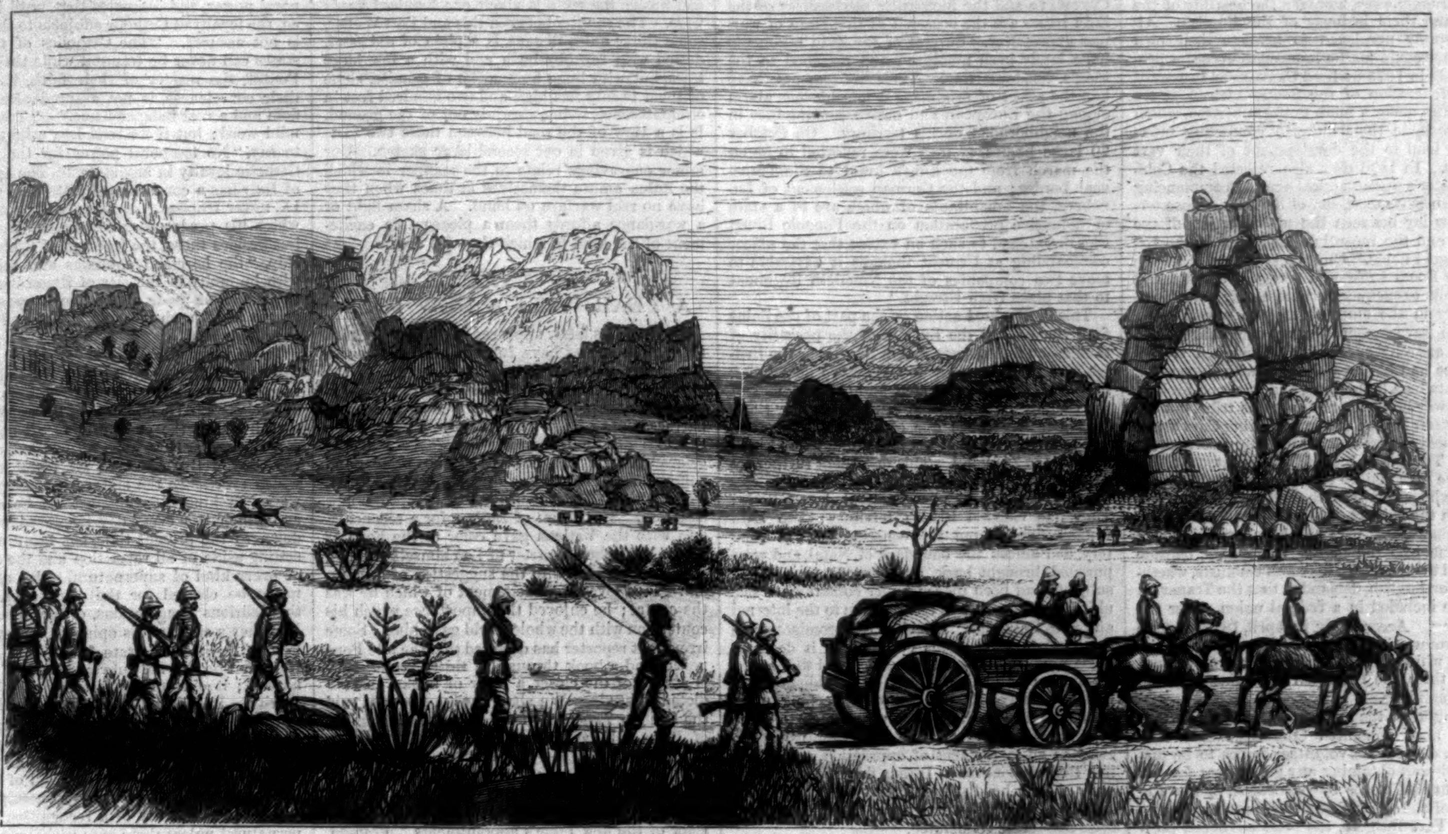
Colorado, although the youngest State in the Union, is nevertheless one of the largest in area, its territory exceeding that of Great Britain. Twenty years ago there was no organized civilized community within its limits, while to-day it has many flourishing cities and towns, containing as intelligent a population as can be found in any of the older States. Ten years ago no railway had been constructed there, while at present there are more than twelve hundred miles in operation, more than one-sixth of which has been built during the past year. As a mineral-producing State it already ranks next to California and Nevada, with every prospect of outstripping them both during the next decade.

Hon. Frederick W. Pitkin, who was inaugurated Governor of this new State on the 14th of January, and whose portrait appears on this page, belongs to an illustrious line, being descended from the Pitkins and Griswolds of Connecticut. He was born at Manchester, Hartford County, in that State, August 31, 1837. Entering Wesleyan University, at Middletown, in 1854, he was graduated in 1858 with distinguished honor. A year later he was graduated from the Albany Law School, and immediately removed to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where he practiced his profession till 1873, when failing health compelled him to retire and make a trip to Europe. Deriving no benefit from his visit abroad, he returned and spent the succeeding winter in Florida, likewise in pursuit of health. Under the advice of Dr. John T. Metcalfe, of this city, he removed to Colorado in the fall of 1874, where he has since, during a considerable portion of the time, been a dweller in the open air. From spring to autumn, with wife and children, he has camped out upon the parks of Colorado. This mode of life having very much improved his health, he located at Ouray, in the San Juan country, in 1877, where he has devoted himself principally to mining, practicing his profession only in cases of special interest and importance. In August last he was unanimously nominated for Governor by the Republican Convention, and was elected by a majority over both his Democratic and Greenback competitors.

Governor Pitkin is a gentleman of unblemished character, winning manners, high ability both as a writer and speaker, and possesses rare aptitude for public affairs.



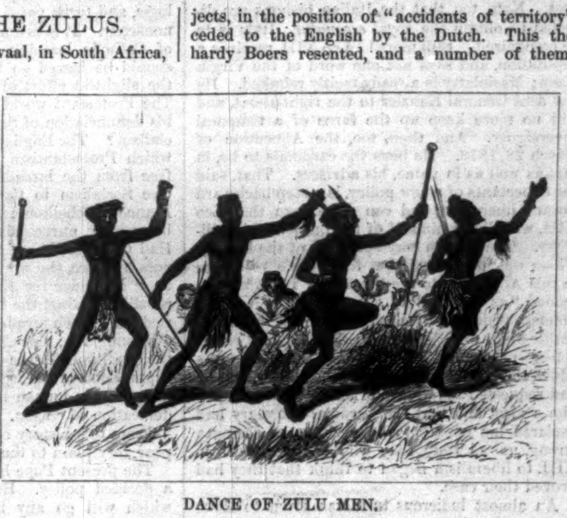
LEFT IN THE LURCH—"DRAT DAT MULE!"—[Drawn by W. Taber.]



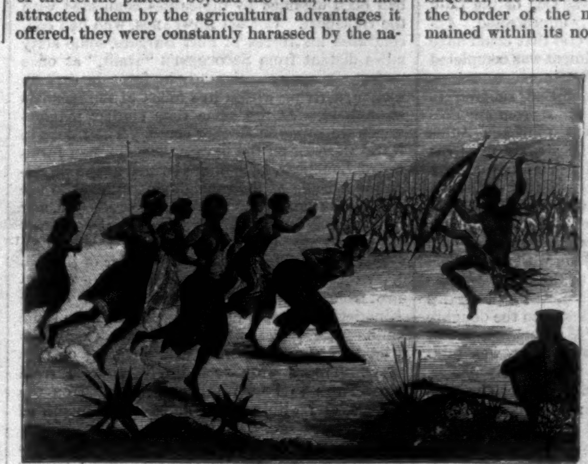
VIEW ON THE ROAD TO FORT WEBER.

WAR WITH THE ZULUS.

The region of the Transvaal, in South Africa, where the English are now engaged in another one of their periodical struggles with the native tribes, was originally settled by the emigrant Boers, who retired from the Orange River Free State upon its annexation to the British crown in 1848. These people declared their independence in 1852, and established a government under the title of the Transvaal Republic. Their number, as nearly as it can be ascertained, is about 25,000 souls. The Boers were subjects of Holland, and were essentially the Cape colonists when by treaty and conquest England obtained, in the beginning of the present century, a footing in South Africa. In 1833 a large number of farmers found themselves, without any desire on their part to become British subjects, in the position of "accidents of territory" ceded to the English by the Dutch. This the hardy Boers resented, and a number of them, gathering together their flocks and herds, marched forth to fresh fields and pastures new. From the time, however, that the pioneers took possession of the fertile plateau beyond the Vaal, which had attracted them by the agricultural advantages it offered, they were constantly harassed by the native tribes, who apparently regarded the new-comers simply as suitable subjects for plunder.



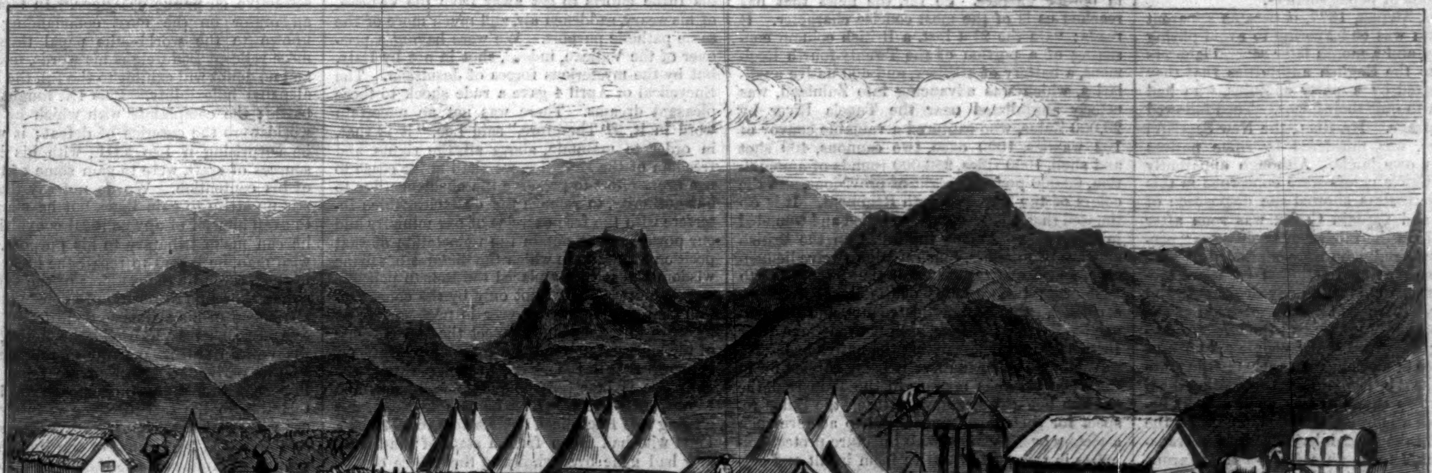
DANCE OF ZULU MEN.



ZULU WAR-DANCE.

Although a treaty had been entered into with Sequati, the chief of the most important tribe on the border of the new republic, there still remained within its nominal limits a large number of Caffres, who, having obtained guns, kept themselves altogether free and independent. At one time a rising of some of these tribes lost a large and well-cultivated stretch of land to the republic, caused a great depression of trade, and, indeed, brought the state nearly to the verge of bankruptcy. But after the discovery of the diamond fields and of gold in the north and north-east of the Transvaal, new markets were opened for the produce of the country, prices rose rapidly, and with the election of President Bruges, at one time a clergyman of the Reformed Church at the Cape, an improved system of government was introduced, and new impulse given to the republic.

The two great difficulties with which the Boers



VIEW AT FORT OLIPHANT.

THE WAR IN THE TRANSVAAL.

had to struggle were, however, the hostility of the natives and their jealousy of the English. Although sorely perplexed to manage their own affairs, they could not be induced to accept a proposal made in 1875 by Lord Carnarvon in regard to a confederation of the South African states and colonies under a more uniform system, which might reconcile their hitherto conflicting interests, and tend to the development of their vast resources. In 1876 they also rejected the Colonial Minister's urgent appeal against commencing a war with Secocoeni, son of Sequati, whose territory now lay between the main portion of the republic and the recently added area of the Lydenberg gold fields. On attacking this chief the obstinate Boers suffered a series of defeats, and their public exchequer became nearly exhausted. One party in the state refused to pay the war taxes, the government became demoralized, and hopeless anarchy succeeded. Though a temporary peace had been patched up with Secocoeni, it proved to be a hollow one, and was soon broken. A native war involving not only this tribe, but the more powerful army of the Zulu king Cetywayo, who claimed a large district recently incorporated into the Transvaal, became imminent. At this time, if we may believe the statements of English writers, who are nearly the only ones who have dealt with the subject, the British envoy, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who had been commissioned to examine into the matter thoroughly, became convinced that the interests of all colonists, whether Dutch or English, demanded that the Transvaal should be included in a federal union under the British flag. Accordingly, in April, 1877, in spite of the protestations of the Boers, who saw the fate from which they had fled once more descending upon them, the Transvaal was annexed to the British dominions.

Not long after the annexation, Captain Clark, who had been appointed Commissioner in the northeast, caused the volunteer forces to be disbanded, without obtaining any guarantees for the maintenance of peace by Secocoeni, or for the payment of the war indemnity charged upon the Caffres. Fort Burgers, the most advanced position in the northeast, was virtually evacuated, there being left in it only an assistant native commissioner with his orderly. Fort Weber, the advanced position on the west side of the Lulu Mountains, was also left equally unprotected. Apparently this policy was the worst that could have been employed. The disbandment was completed on the 18th of June, and the cannons and muskets, together with the ammunition, sent off to Praetoria, some two hundred miles from any possible enemy. The result was that the Zulus immediately recommenced their raids over the border. The inhabitants of the Transvaal suffered more than ever from these incursions, and the marauders were loud in their expressions of contempt for the Englishmen. Mr. Alfred Aylward, who has given us a most entertaining volume upon the Transvaal, dealing with the subject from the point of view taken by the Boers, repeats a conversation overheard by him, which illustrates the estimate placed by the Zulus upon the doughty warriors of Great Britain: "Makropetre, one of Secocoeni's 'indunas,' or counsellors, was talking, as Caffres will, about the power of his master. A resident of Lydenberg said to him: 'The English are not like the Boers; they have soldiers who live only to fight, and can send regiment after regiment to support their flag, the presence of which, Captain Clark knows, hanging over the Steelport fort, has as much influence as a thousand men.' The old Caffre laughed, and said: 'If Secocoeni read the newspapers, he might no doubt be afraid of the tales the Englishmen write about their own strength and glory; but he would feel much more afraid of a hundred wild dogs than of millions of paper soldiers.'"

As early as August, 1877, it became apparent that Secocoeni was endeavoring to avoid paying his indemnity, and a month later several laborers complained to the English authorities that they had been visited by a party of Zulus, who had ordered them to quit their farms. Then followed a terrible outrage. Mr. Bell, the New Scotland Commissioner, was murdered by some natives living on his own lands. Although apparently none of the Caffre chiefs were concerned in this crime, it nevertheless showed the disposition of the natives, and Captain Clark was soon after induced to direct the raising of twenty-five "provisional policemen," who were stationed at Fort Weber. This was also followed by the establishment of native police, a body of dressed and armed savages, intended for the protection of the border, but which in reality had the effect of further exciting Secocoeni. His people saw men of their own race in arms against them, and in spite of messages sent by Captain Clark ordering them to desist from further outrages, their attacks began to assume a more systematic shape. By the spring of 1878 the white inhabitants of the Transvaal were afraid to be abroad upon their farms. Even in thickly populated districts men were not safe. The Caffres descended upon the main roads, sweeping off cattle, and shooting the villagers within sight of their homes. On one occasion a town kraal, or compound, was actually entered by the marauders.

While this was going on in Lydenberg and its immediate vicinity, Captain Clark with a small force was doing his best to restrain the Zulus in the neighborhood of Fort Weber. His efforts had produced but little result, however, though he worked with considerable determination during the summer, when rumors were heard of new troubles in a new quarter, caused this time by King Cetywayo himself. His manœuvres had been watched with anxiety for some time by the authorities, and those of the inhabitants who had remained unconcerned about the raids of Secocoeni became finally convinced that war was in prospect.

In November a resident of the Transvaal, writing to the London *Times*, says: "The acts of Cetywayo and the increasing restlessness of the Zulu tribes are the occasion of this state of warlike expectancy. Several of the Zulu regiments have lately been mobilized and marched to the king's head-quarters. Their movements have had the effect of producing a mischievous alarm among the European and native communities in the neighborhood of his territory. On October 20 large bodies of men were reported to be on the march from the king's kraal to the Transvaal border; and the German settlement of Luneberg, the inhabitants of which are in a state of defensive preparation on the Pongolo River, was threatened to such an extent that the officer commanding at Utrecht thought it advisable to move two companies of the Ninetieth Regiment to that place from Utrecht."

This determined action on the part of the Zulus finally convinced the English of the necessity of taking equal measures, and in November the British ultimatum was sent to Cetywayo, demanding the immediate disbandment and disarmament of the Zulu army, the cession of St. Lucia Bay (long known to have been one of the inlets for arms and ammunition), and the stationing of a British Resident in Zululand. This document further set forth a series of charges against Cetywayo and the Zulus, which may be enumerated as follows: They had violated British territory: two Zulu women, flying from the consequences of adultery, fled across the boundary of Natal, and were pursued, brought back, and stoned; two British subjects had been placed under constraint. The ultimatum then turned its attention to the internal affairs of Zululand. It recited the promises made by the Zulu king at his coronation; it declared these promises broken, and demanded that a better system of justice should be established. It further charged Cetywayo with keeping up a standing army, obliging his young men to serve in it, preventing them from marrying, using the army as an instrument of oppression, and expelling the missionaries. It then demanded that the army should be disbanded, that the young men should be allowed to marry, and that the missionaries should be re-instated.

During the weeks that followed the dispatch of this document a general exodus of the English troops took place from Maritzburg, where they had been detained by difficulties connected with the transport. Colonel Rowlands, who had concentrated his forces at Fort Burgers, some sixty miles distant from Secocoeni's "stadt," at once undertook a reconnoissance in force in that direction, arriving within five miles of the enemy's stronghold. At the same time similar manœuvres were going on further south. The troops in Natal were all on the move. The German farmers of Luneberg, becoming alarmed at the threatening attitude of their neighbors, applied to the military authorities at Utrecht for protection, and two companies of soldiers were at once ordered to Luneberg. On receipt of this intelligence, General Lord Chelmsford, commander of the military forces in South Africa, ordered the departure from Maritzburg of the remainder of the Ninetieth and two guns to Utrecht. At the same time reports came in from the Lower Tugela district that the Zulus were concentrating on that river. Troops were accordingly removed from Grey Town to Fort Williamson, situated on the Tugela, and within a few miles of the mouth of that river.

Cetywayo had been given until January 11 to send his answer to the English. None having arrived at that date, his silence was construed into a declaration of war, and preparations were made to advance. On the 21st of that month a column of English troops passed the borders of the Zulu chief's dominions, but only to sustain one of the most horrible disasters ever recorded in border warfare. So far, the news that has reached us is of the most concise character. It reads: "On the 21st inst. a British column consisting of a portion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, a battery of artillery, and 600 native auxiliaries, which was advancing into Zululand, was utterly annihilated near the Tugela River by 20,000 Zulus, who captured a valuable convoy of 102 wagons, 1000 oxen, two cannons, 400 shot and shell, 1000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 pounds weight of provisions, and the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. It is estimated that 5000 Zulus were killed and wounded in the battle. Among the killed on the British side are two majors, four captains, twelve lieutenants, and a quartermaster of the Twenty-fourth Regiment; two captains of the Royal Artillery, a colonel, captain, four lieutenants, and the surgeon-major of Engineers, besides twenty-one other British officers commanding the native levies."

While we write the war is being carried on in the most vigorous manner in the Transvaal, the English being determined to teach the Zulus respect for their government, and to achieve such a victory over them as shall in future protect colonists in this part of Africa from insult and outrage on the part of the natives. Regiments are being sent from England, and the forts on the border garrisoned in such a manner as shall enable them to effectually resist attack. Of one of these defenses we give a sketch on page 165. Fort Oliphant is situated on a river of the same name, which flows northward from Middleburg into the highlands, where it turns eastward to join the Limpopo beyond the British boundary. The fortified camp lately established on its banks has a parapet constructed of earth and stone, mixed with brush-wood; it stands upon a rising ground, one hundred feet above the river, and contains a hut for the officers, built of reeds fastened on a frame-work of poles and daubed with mud; also the frame of a store-house, to be completed against the rainy season, and quarters for the garrison, consisting of a hundred men of the Thirteenth Regiment and some colonial volunteers. The gun shown on the left hand in this sketch is a small Krupp four-pounder, which is very handy and useful. Fort Oliphant is surrounded by trees and bush; the river is about one hundred yards wide. The country between this and Fort Weber, some thirty miles distant, is a plain of red sand, dotted with scrubby bush and with a few large trees, but with huge hummocks of granite, some of them twenty feet high and two hundred feet in circumference, rising abruptly out of the ground. It is a view of the road between these two forts which is given in our second large sketch. Our minor engravings relate to the manner in which the Zulus amuse themselves at times when they have no real warfare on hand. A sham fight or a war-dance affords them a pleasurable excitement of the kind to which they are used.

A YEAR WITH A NEW POPE.

No man has lately appeared in public in regard to whom opinions have run such a rapid course of change as Leo XIII. His accession to the chair of St. Peter was attended with the expectation of a new policy. He was free from the embarrassments of his predecessor. Pius IX. felt the loss of the temporal power as a personal grievance. He had been a secular prince, and suffered from the shock of his fall; Leo XIII. could, without sacrifice of dignity, accept the new situation. The desire of Europe for a reconciliation with the Vatican gave color to the hope of a change. The character of Leo himself entered, too, as an element into the suggestion of a better era. Pius loved the excitement of which he was the centre; he enjoyed the importance which his contention with the whole world gave him. Some irreverent reporter has declared that the late Pope never read a book through in thirty years. Leo is a man of the closet, a lover of books, and addicted to study. We shall have peace now, said the London *Times;* Leo will correct the mistakes of Pius, and reconcile himself with the modern world.

It is astonishing how general this expectation became, and how the slightest facts were perverted to give it support. See, it was said, the character of the new Pope's appointments. Franchi, the moderate, becomes Cardinal Secretary, and Simeoni, the bitter ultramontane, vacates that post. Note, too, that the Italian bishops are directed to obtain the royal *exequatur:* Italy is to be recognized. Still more! Leo XIII. receives a deputation, and says not one word of the Virgin Mary; Mariolatry is already tacitly rebuked. He has sent General Kanzler to the right-about, and will no more keep up the farce of a temporal sovereignty. And then, too, the Allocution of March 28, 1878. He begs the cardinals to be, in fact as well as in name, his advisers. That, said the expectants of a new policy, is a step backward toward liberalism, and can only mean that Leo XIII. will divest himself of the burden of infallibility. The Roman correspondent of the London *Times* was persuaded that the Pope's reference in this Allocution to the Council of Trent was intended "as a repeal of the act of the Vatican Council, which, by declaring Pius IX. infallible, entitled him to dispense with the advice of either college or council." And when to all this was added that Leo had sent for Father Curci, that he had requested the widow of Montalembert to pay him a visit, and that the Cardinal Secretary had declared his master to be desirous of seeing a strong, united Italy, they who had pledged Leo XIII. to liberalism began to think that they had proved their case.

An almost ludicrous turn was given to these promises by the rumors of the Pope's personal condition. He was driven almost frantic by the ultramontane pressure put upon him. There was a pretty picture drawn of him chafing under the restraints imposed by hard-hearted cardinals, of his futile efforts to get away from the Vatican, of his weary, saddened air, and much more of the same pathetic purport. We were having a prisoner of the Vatican, indeed, shut in not by Italy, but by the mysterious forces of Jesuitism. The Encyclical of April 4 gave a rude shock to these pleasant dreams. There was not an uncertain word in it. "Therefore," said Leo, "it is that, in order to maintain, above all, the rights and freedom of the Holy See, we shall never cease to use every effort to preserve the obedience due to our authority, to remove the obstacles which interfere with the free exercise of our ministry and our power, and to obtain the re-instation of that position of affairs in which the dictates of Divine wisdom had formerly placed the Roman pontiffs. ....We are actuated not only by the consideration that the temporal power is necessary to us in order to defend and protect the full freedom of the spiritual power, but also because it is clearly shown that in the sovereign temporality of the Holy See is involved the public well-being and welfare of society." The London *Times*, in discussing this Encyclical, dealt with Leo XIII. as a Pope who had fallen from a state of innocence, and had gone over wholly to the prince of this world. Nay, had he not set up to be the veritable prince of this world himself? Alas for the hope of a papal return to the ways of pleasantness and the paths of a "liberal" peace!

But that there may be no doubt of his purposes, Leo spoke still again. No peace, save by submission to the Church, is written all over the letter of instructions to Cardinal Nina, dated August 27, 1878, and shortly after given to the world. The new Pope deviates from the policy of his predecessor not so much as by the breadth of a hair. He claims to be the head of all human society, and to be indispensable to the welfare of mankind, with as distinct an emphasis as Hildebrand or Innocent. He bids the nations to come to him, and resents their refusal to come. "We desire," he graciously proclaims, "to make our voice heard by those who rule the destinies of nations, inviting them warmly not to refuse the solid succor which the Church offers them in these times when the want of it is so much felt." He insists again on the restoration of the temporal power, and intimates that, until it is effected, the loyalty of Catholic subjects to their princes is not assured. "The Catholics of the various states can never be tranquil while their Supreme Pontiff, the master of their faith, the guide of their consciences, is not assured of a true freedom and a real independence." "Tranquil" is a mild word; but if we read Leo aright, he means to say, "No temporal power for the pontiff, no Catholic loyalty in any state." The arraignment of Italy has a concentrated bitterness which Pius IX. never reached. Nothing is forgotten; all of which his predecessor complained is rehearsed; but besides these, the freedom of Protestant worship, "the heretical churches and schools built with impunity in the city of Rome itself," anger this infallible guide of the human race, this vicegerent of Him whose mission was one of charity to all mankind.

In a most decided yet scholarly tone Leo throughout the Encyclical of December 28 arraigns the Protestant Reformation as the cause of Socialism. He charges on the reformers that they intended the overthrow of all belief in the supernatural. Hear him: "You, Venerable Brethren, very well know that *the object* of the war which ever since the sixteenth century has been waged by innovators against the Catholic faith, and which has every day increased in intensity down to the present time, has been that, by the setting aside of all revelation and the subversion of every kind of supernatural order, an entrance might be cleared for the discoveries, or rather the delirious imaginations, of mere reason." A Pope has a right to his opinions, but even a Pope has no right to misstate facts. The Protestant Reformation did *not* subvert belief in the supernatural; it did not subvert the principle of authority. If it found the source of all authority in the Bible, and rejected the co-ordinate authority of the Church, it still left man a reverent, religious being. It has not set aside all revelation, but has magnified the revealed will of God. The Pope and Catholic writers obstinately refuse to admit the possibility of a recognition of the supernatural unless there goes with it a recognition of the supremacy of their Church. This willful blindness to a simple distinction vitiates their logic, and turns papal encyclicals into the merest nonsense. It is astonishing that from the centre of Catholic learning and thought a document should be issued so faulty in its premises that the slightest effort of analysis breaks it in two. The Protestant world joins heartily with Leo in his denunciation of Socialism; but whence is Socialism? The English-speaking race, the race in which Protestantism has taken deepest root, is free from the inroads of socialistic error. We owe Socialism to Catholic France—to Catholic France in rebellion against the Church, it is true, but wholly unreceptive of the Protestant faith. Had Catholic France not suppressed the Huguenots by force, she would have had a protection in their reverence for divine and human law. The rebellion against the Church would not have carried the French people over to the most shocking atheism. No; the Church has herself prepared the conditions for the existence of Socialism. Her suppression of the legitimate exercise of the faculties of the human mind engenders in time the deification of reason.

From this history of a year some facts will appear very plain to the American people.

The present Pope has, we can now readily see, a decided policy. Here is no yielding temper which will go any length to establish peace. The world could not help believing that Pius IX. was a puppet; that the real pontiff was some one else, who kept well out of sight. Pius was a good theatrical figure; he posed magnificently; with his sonorous voice and fluent speech was attractive on public occasions. In fact, he was an orator on the most commanding rostrum known to the world—the papal throne. The more reticent Leo weighs his words, *means* them, and no doubt will exhibit to the full the traditional papal inflexibility. Pius IX. fought a losing battle; the complaints with which he filled the world were the outcries of defeat; it would not be surprising if Leo XIII., with his larger resources of craft, were to gain some of the points of his contention. We do not say that he will stir up strife to gain them, but he stands ready to avail himself of any political convulsion which he can make tributary to his purpose. Like a wise man, he labors to repair the breaches made in the Church by the conflicts of the age; but he so far shows no disposition to repair them by an abatement of his claims as pontiff.

Americans may as well take notice, too, that the Vatican still means war to religious liberty. In this particular a year of the reign of a new Pope has brought us no change. What is intolerable to the Leo in Rome is intolerable every where. That Protestant worship should be established in the capital of the Roman Catholic faith is an annoyance to the occupant of St. Peter's chair, but that it should flourish any where equally annoys him. In relation to this the papacy is at all times consistent with itself. Pius IX. noted in the syllabus of 1864 as one of the errors of our time the opinion that "in the present day it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion should be held as the only religion of the state, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship." In saying this, he agreed with Gregory XVI., who in 1832 called the demand of liberty of conscience "a frenzy," and with the Council of Trent, which admonishes princes not to permit the things declared by it "to be corrupted or violated by heretics." The logic of the Church's position compels her to repress religious freedom, and to overthrow it wherever she is able to do so.

Nor does Leo XIII. abate a particle of the tone of lofty condescension which becomes infallibility. The order to the Italian bishops to obtain the royal *exequatur* was not meant as a concession of the rights of Italy. "To obviate these grave evils we *tolerated* that the newly elected

Italian bishops should present bulls of their nomination and investiture," is the phraseology of their chief. He condescends to yield a point, but none the less denies the royal authority. In the same condescending tone Leo offers to the non-Catholic world his interventions for its benefit. "Inspired by feelings of apostolic charity," is his language, "we turned also even to those who are not united to us by the bonds of the Catholic religion, wishing that their subjects might profit by the advantages inherent in this divine institution." What are the advantages which Leo offers the non-Catholic world? In answering this question we may fairly draw logical deductions from his principles, as he has attempted to do from the principles of the Reformation. He has not quoted the reformers to show that their teaching has led to Socialism. We will do better than that; we will quote the exact language of the papacy—we will quote from the Syllabus. Leo offers the non-Catholic world the use of force by the Church, the supremacy of ecclesiastical over civil law whenever the two come in conflict, the abrogation of the government of the public schools by the civil power, the establishment of the Catholic religion as the only religion of the state, and the union of the state with the Roman Catholic Church. These are the blessings which "apostolic charity" presses upon our acceptance here in the United States. To accept them would require the undoing of all that has been achieved since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock; the suppression of Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Lutheran, Episcopal, Congregational, and, in short, all Protestant worship; the imprisonment or the expulsion from the country of their communicants; the handing over of our system of public education to the control of the Church; the putting out of the light kindled three hundred years ago, and the restoration of the Middle Ages. From such blessings, flowing out of the fountain of an "apostolic charity," may a kind Providence ever deliver us!

George R. Crooks.

THE HON. N. P. HILL.

Nathaniel P. Hill, the new Republican Senator from Colorado, is a man little known in politics, and until recently was not suspected of having any ambition to enter upon a public career. He settled in Colorado about twelve years ago, and began business there by erecting smelting-works at Black Hawk Point, not far from Central City, in the centre of a most flourishing mining region. All around him miners were at work crushing ore in a rude and wasteful fashion, by which a large amount of the precious metal was lost. Mr. Hill and his associates became extensive purchasers of ore; and having the field to themselves for several years, they accumulated immense fortunes. In some years their profits amounted to $500,000, and even more. Last year their business facilities were increased by the erection of new works at Denver capable of treating 500 tons of ore per day.

Mr. Hill is not an orator; but he is said to be a man of sound judgment, untiring energy, and business capacity; and although he may not often be heard in debate, he will probably make a good working member of the Senate. He is a consistent Republican, sincere and earnest in his political convictions, and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. He was at one time a member of the Territorial Council, but sought for no higher political honors until his name was mentioned in connection with a seat in the United States Senate. Among his rivals for the position were several of the leading politicians of Colorado, and his success was largely due to his popularity with the miners. We give his portrait on page 164.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Fish Commissioners of West Virginia, Messrs. John W. Harris, H. B. Miller, and C. S. White, have published their report for the years 1877 and 1878, and present a statement of what they have accomplished during the period mentioned. The amount of money at their command was small, but they have made a judicious use of it in erecting a hatching house; and California salmon, landlocked salmon, trout, and other useful food fishes have been hatched out and distributed throughout the State. There is reason to believe that before many years a vast improvement will have been made in the fisheries of West Virginia, thus adding materially to the resources of that commonwealth.

We noticed some time ago the appearance of a serial, entitled *The Palæontologist*, published by Mr. U. P. James, of Cincinnati. This is of a somewhat novel character, being published from time to time as material is furnished, and consisting almost entirely of descriptions of new families, genera, and species by the editor. The forms referred to in the third number, of January 15, are principally from the lower and upper silurian rocks of Ohio.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Fish-Culturists' Association will be held on the 25th and 26th of February, at 11 A.M., at the Directors' Room of the Fulton Market Fish-mongers' Association of New York. A number of persons interested in the subject, including commissioners of States, etc., are expected on this occasion. It will be of special interest, as a full account of all the recent remarkable improvements in fish-culture will doubtless be brought forward.

Professor Townsend Glover, for many years the entomologist of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, has during that period been preparing an elaborate work upon the *Insects of the United States Injurious to Vegetation*. This consists of a series of plates, engraved on copper, representing the insects in their various stages of egg, larva, chrysalis, and adult, for the most part in association with the plants ravaged by them, and showing the nature of their action.

With these figures is connected an elaborate series of notices of the insects themselves, detailing their life history, accompanied by tables showing first the different plants attacked by each species of insect, and second, the different insects found on the same plant. By this combination of well-executed illustrations, descriptions, and analytical tables it becomes possible for the merest tyro to identify, without any difficulty whatever, the character of an insect and the mode of prosecuting its destructive agency in any stage of its growth.

Professor Glover has, so far, himself engraved on copper 279 octavo plates, illustrating about 3000 species, among them nearly all those whose action has any special relation to the farmer or agriculturist.

Strange as it may seem, this great work, of so much value to all concerned, has never been actually published, although Mr. Glover has at his own expense printed fifty copies relating to some of the orders, as the hemiptera, lepidoptera, orthoptera, etc. A movement has lately been set on foot, however, to induce Congress to purchase from Professor Glover the plates referred to, which he offers at $100 each, or what would be merely the price of any first-class engraver for executing them, these to be accompanied by the attendant manuscript, in such form as, for the most part, to be immediately ready for publication.

No public document of greater industrial or economical value than this has ever been issued by Congress. It is to be hoped that a proper view of the subject will be taken, and the liberal offer of Professor Glover accepted, and arrangements made for printing a sufficiently large edition not only to supply the principal public libraries and State agricultural and entomological associations, but for sale at cost to all working entomologists and agriculturists who may desire to possess it.

The interesting announcement is made from England of the acclimatization in the sands of Cleithorpe, on the Lincolnshire coast, of the American clam or quahaug, *Venus mercenaria*. This is one of our most valuable mollusks, and its introduction into Europe promises to be of much economical importance. The specimens noted are about three inches across the shell, and lack the violet tint of the American variety. A large number of oysters imported from the United States are imbedded in the immediate neighborhood, and it is supposed that in this way the clams were accidentally introduced. So far there is no evidence that the American oyster has multiplied spontaneously in Europe.

The ninth number of the Fifth Volume of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of Cambridge, embraces three reports upon the results of the dredging operations of the United States Coast Survey steamer *Blake* during the season of 1877–78. That upon echini is by Mr. Agassiz; that on the corals and crinoids, by Count Pourtales; and that on ophiurans, by Theodore Lyman. There are also papers containing reports of results previously obtained from the co-operation of the United States Coast Survey with the plan of deep-sea research inaugurated by Professor Agassiz, and continued by his son.

Dr. Edwin R. Heath, of whose proposed exploration in South America we have already made mention, left New York on the 23d of November, and reached Pará on the 19th of December. He was to have taken a steamer up the Madeira on the 23d, and thence to Exaltacion, or else across to Reyes, on the Beni River, where he proposed to spend some time in making collections and the necessary preparations for descending the river. He expected to obtain Greenwich time at San Antonio, the latitude and longitude of which is well established, and to work his longitudes by them until arriving at the Beni, where he intended to correct it by "lunars."

With a good outfit and apparatus he was to take observations of latitude and longitude at every suitable opportunity, as also to make records of the thermometer, barometer, and boiling-points.

After completing all his preparations at Reyes, and having his *balsa* properly constructed and equipped, he proposed to commit himself to the current, and take his chances of what might happen.

Dr. Heath reports having received every courtesy from the Brazilian authorities, they having as much interest as himself in the solution of the various problems before him.

The thirteenth report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut presents a gratifying account of the final success of the measures prosecuted for many years, and in the face of many obstacles, for the restoration of salmon to the Connecticut—a stream in which this fish formerly abounded to an extraordinary degree, and where it has not been known for many years.

The first work of the Commission in this direction was in 1869, when 2000 salmon fry were introduced, but the number was so small as probably to allow their entire destruction. A second lot of 30,000 was introduced in 1871. These also, on account of their small number probably, for the most part perished, as only a very few could be subsequently accounted for. In May, 1873, the first really adequate supply was placed in the stream, 150,000 being planted at that time. In 1874 about 1,000,000 were introduced by the four States of Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont; in 1875, 500,000 more; and in 1876, 300,000—making nearly 2,000,000 that were planted in three years.

Although scattering individuals of smolts and grilse were occasionally seen, it was not until 1878 that the rush of mature fish began, the first being caught on the 2d of April. From this time up to September it is estimated that at least 500 fish, weighing from 12 to 14 pounds, were taken and disposed of, besides the number that escaped the nets and remained in the river. The largest captured weighed 22½ pounds.

It is probable that during 1879 the rush of fish will be still greater, and it is earnestly to be hoped that some provision will be made by the State to prevent their destruction. A wise law would be an absolute prohibition of capture for several years, and after that the establishing a close time and the adoption of such other measures as experience has shown to be necessary for the purpose. Of course if all the fish planted are caught up by a few parties intending to supply the market, it will be impossible to maintain a public sentiment in favor of the continuation of action for restocking the river. Unless the fish are permitted to extend their range throughout the entire portion of the Connecticut River and its tributaries, accessible to the upward run, the supply can not be kept up.

No plantings have been made now for several years past by the Commissioners, so that if all the mature fish are taken as they come into the river, after 1880 the stream will again be in precisely the same condition, so far as salmon are concerned, as it has been for fifty years. At present the Commissioners are confining their attention to the introduction of landlocked salmon, no means for the hatching of shad or for the continuation of operations in regard to sea salmon having been furnished by the State.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

That every man with a family dependent upon him ought to insure his life is too obvious a truth to admit of argument; but there are many to whom the payment of large premiums at stated times is next to an impossibility. Some who could do it by laying by a little from their earnings every week are not careful to do so, and others put it off from time to time, meaning some day to begin to save, but they never get beyond the mere resolve. In either case every dollar is spent as soon as it comes, and too often a stricken family is left to the tender mercies of charitable friends, or, still worse, to the benevolence of strangers. To meet the want in this direction of men of limited means various plans have been adopted, the most popular of which is that of mutual association for the payment of a dollar or so each on the death of a member, with an additional ten cents for the expenses of stationery and postage. One of the oldest of these bodies is the Brooklyn Masonic Mutual Relief Association, which has now on its roll 1225 members. In a report just issued some interesting facts are given. During the past year fourteen members died, and the handsome sum of $16,659 was paid to their families, or an average of $1190 to each family. All that this insurance cost was $15 40 for the year, which is a marvel of cheapness. One of the members who died had paid in only $9 40; his heirs received $1121. Another paid in but $16 20, and $1225 were paid by the association. Since the organization, which was in 1867, one hundred deaths have occurred, and $89,826 have been paid in claims. J. B. Burnett is president, and George M. Anderson is secretary.

The appearance of pleuro-pneumonia among a cargo of cattle which was exported to Liverpool has caused some alarm in this country as well as in England. The restrictions imposed in regard to the exportation of cattle may seriously affect the trade. Nevertheless, it is confidently asserted that the cattle of the Northwest are generally in a healthy condition, and that pleuro-pneumonia has never affected Western cattle. There will be hereafter a very strict inspection of live animals shipped for England.

"I have a friend, a *prima donna*," writes "Atlas," in the London *World*, "who says very quaint things sometimes. It so happened she crossed the tumbling waves of the Irish Channel recently in the middle of one of those vile storms they wire to us nowadays from America. She described the unutterable miseries of the voyage, and finally assured me most solemnly that at one moment she was *so* wretched that she 'all but threw up her operatic engagement,' at which statement I foolishly began to laugh, and consequently heard no more."

The Boston University has recently received a gift of $12,000, which is designed as a nucleus of a fund for a Professorship of Liberal Arts. A lady has also given to the same college $2000 toward the endowment of a Woman's Professorship in the university.

When Ashburton Webster, grandson of Daniel Webster, was buried at Marshfield, not long ago, the casket containing the remains of the great statesman was opened, and the face was perfectly recognizable. The body had been well preserved by being embalmed.

Those who were interested in the Caxton Celebration of 1877 will remember the celebrated Caxton Memorial Bible, which was printed, bound, and lettered in twelve hours at the Oxford University Press. The State Library at Albany has received a copy of this remarkable work.

If reports are true, there are two sides to the distress existing in Great Britain among the working classes. There usually *are* two sides to every subject. That there is very great suffering there is not the shadow of a doubt. But instances like the following show that many have not yet come to that point when they are willing to do something to relieve themselves. The owner of a loch near Glasgow much frequented by skaters applied to the Relief Committee for a hundred men to sweep off the ice, offering their railway fare both ways, a hot dinner, and a shilling a day, but could not get any men. A Lancashire gentleman undertook to relieve a family selected by the clergyman as a deserving one—that of a puddler three months out of work, with a wife and five children. He provided for them a supper of roast pork and suet pudding, and the miserable man told him he had been skating the week before, but did not go out that week, for the ice was too rough; that for three weeks he had hardly had his pipe out of his mouth, his tobacco bill being about eightpence a day; and that, thanks to kind friends, he had not wanted a meal yet.

New Caledonia appears to have some attractions. A young man was brought before a French tribunal on charge of theft not long ago. He made, of his own accord, an elaborate confession of a terrible murder that he had committed, which was proved to have no truth in it whatever. It was found that his motive was a desire to be sent to New Caledonia at the expense of the government, and for the benefit of his health.

In view of the facts that pneumonia is one of the most common and most fatal of all diseases in our climate, and that pneumonia originates usually from a sudden cold, the following "rules for winter," clipped from an exchange, are worthy of remembrance: Never lean with the back upon any thing that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten. Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air. Keep the back, especially between the shoulder-blades, well covered, also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open. Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition, the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases. After violent exercise never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life. When hoarse, speak as little as possible, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced. When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth close, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose before it reaches the lungs. Never stand still when exposed to the cold, especially after having taken exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Quinine, as is well known, is one of the most necessary as well as one of the most expensive of medicines. This drug is a preparation from the bark of the chincona or calisaya tree, found only in certain provinces of Bolivia and Peru, at great distances from the habitations of civilized men. The supply is limited; and as it is a very important remedy in remittent and intermittent fevers, it commands high prices. In the United States it is much higher priced than in Europe. Many persons feel strongly that an article so important in medical practice should be free from tax, and efforts are being made to secure a reduction or a total abolition of the customs duties upon quinine. In this country quinine is chiefly manufactured in Philadelphia.

Paris, it is said, has just awakened to an appreciation of the virtues of "Serkys tea"—a new beverage which has the power of preserving "the freshness and beauty of early youth up to the ripest age." It is composed of "exquisitely refreshing and balsamic plants," which grow in the mountains of Mecca and Libanus. Although this tea is called "new," it is really of considerable antiquity, having been used in the time of Osman I., who introduced it to the notice of the ladies of his seraglio. An infusion of the leaves thrown into the bath will help to preserve the freshness of the skin; so says report.

A rather "tough" dog story comes from St. Louis. During the recent cold "snap" a little pet dog got out of doors, and when at length found, he was on his back, frozen stiff in death, as was supposed. A little boy, son of the owner of the dog, suggested that the body be placed near the fire, to try if it could be thawed back to life; and so it was put on a rug, and the little boy began to rub the paws and nose. Some hot whiskey was forced down its throat, and presently signs of returning animation appeared, and the dog is now alive and well!

"How not to shiver" is the subject of a brief but most sensible paragraph in an exchange. The remedy is so simple as to be within the comprehension of all, namely, "to wear sufficient clothing." People make a great mistake upon this subject, many of them fancying that it is chiefly out-of-doors that warm garments are required in cold weather. So they go shivering about the house, making every body else uncomfortable by their apparent discomfort, or else openly and continually complaining of the cold rooms. The truth probably is that the rooms are abundantly heated, but they have not on sufficient clothing. In our climate nobody has a right to complain of feeling cold, unless, if he is able to supply himself, he wears warm under-flannels and other garments thick enough to be suitable for our cold, changeable winters.

A Boston paper has the following paragraph, which is worth attention from all whom it concerns—and does it not concern all?

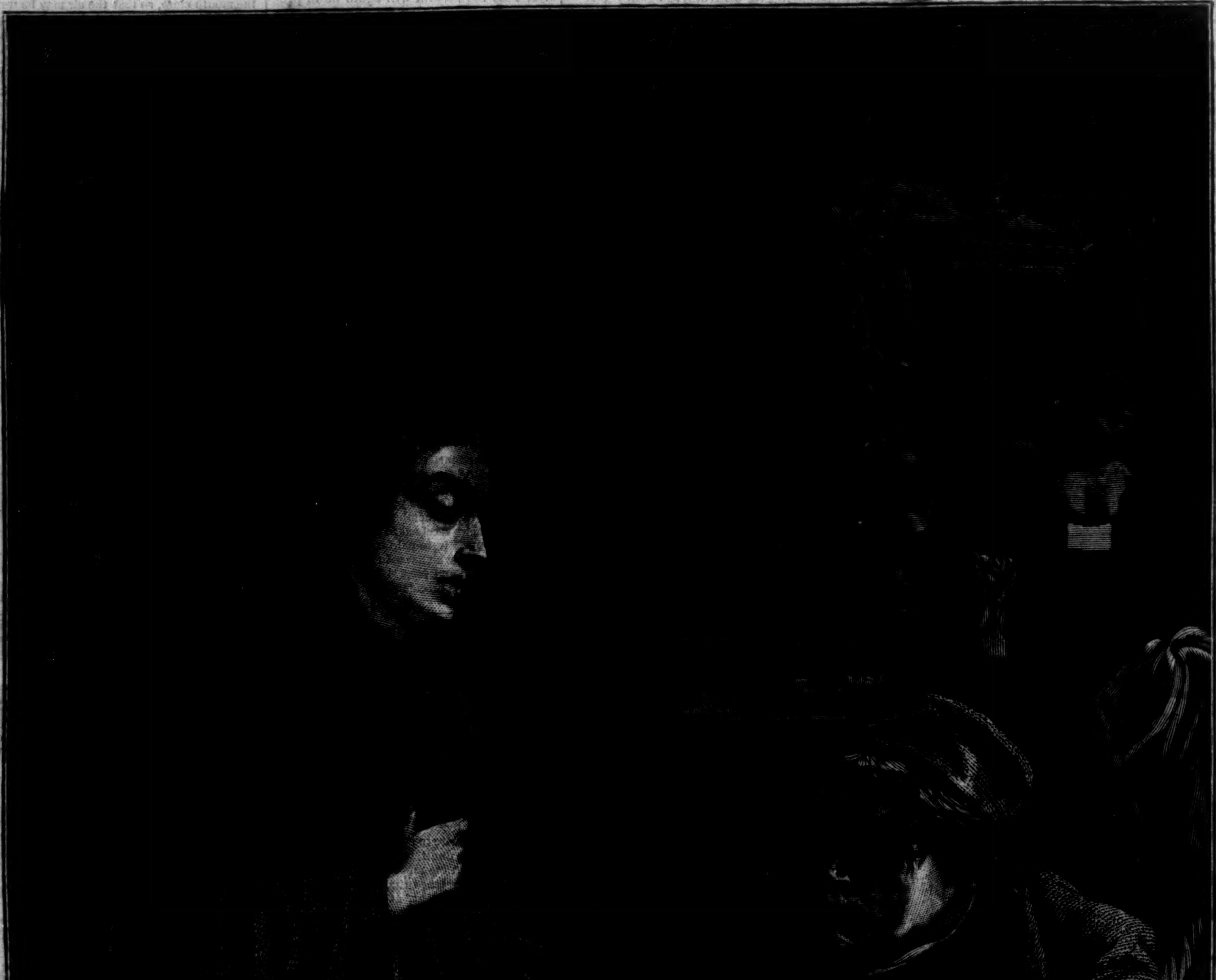
> "Somebody, remembering the Brooklyn horror, wants to know whether all our places of amusement are living up to the rules about exits, precautions against fire, and all that sort of thing. If an accident should happen any where, a thorough investigation would be ordered. Why not have it now?"

It is indicative of a very general interest in having improved homes for the poor that no less than 188 designs for a model house for working-people were recently exhibited at the Leavitt Art Rooms, Clinton Hall. These were received in response to offered prizes for the best design for a model tenement-house. It is the intention to make these designs serve as guides in remodelling old tenements as well as in constructing new ones, so as to remedy some of the existing evils in the present tenement-house system.

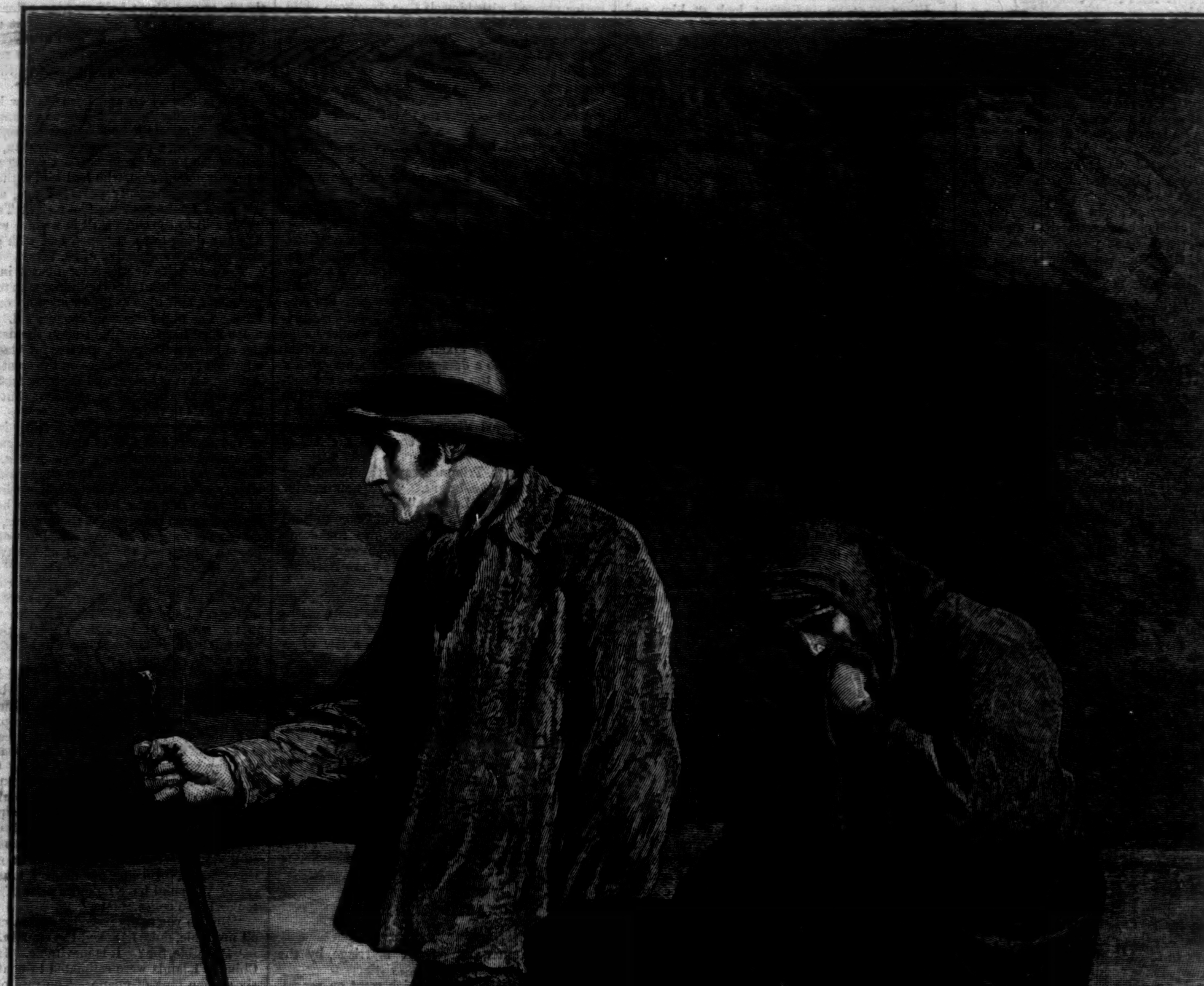
During the year 1878 the number of business failures officially announced in Great Britain and Ireland was 15,059. This is an increase of over 4000 failures over those reported for the year 1877.

In the annual report of the Light-house Board an appeal is made for contributions of books, pamphlets, and other reading matter suitable for light-house keepers and their families. The Board has now 150 libraries of about forty volumes each, which are sent to the different light-houses, and changed from time to time from one station to another. The moral effect of these libraries upon the keepers and their families, the stimulus they give to their mental activity, and the cheerfulness infused into their lonely and isolated homes, are a great benefit to the light-keepers, and aid in raising the standard of the service. The Board aims to establish small permanent libraries at some of the larger stations during the coming year. Many of the books now in use have been contributed by the public, for which the Board returns its thanks; but there is yet room for the exercise of charity toward a most deserving class of public servants.

Very nearly 3000 yards of the St. Gothard Tunnel remain to be excavated; and if the work goes on this year as rapidly as it did last, about twelve months hence the laborers will meet in the heart of the mountain. Yet the masses of serpentine and schist under the Kastelhorn may prove a great hinderance. Most of the laborers employed in the galleries are Italians. They work night and day in shifts of eight hours each, and their work is described as being terribly severe. The heat is so great that they can wear no clothes. They return to the mouth of the tunnel streaming with perspiration; their faces are yellow and ghastly; they can not bear the light of the sun; they walk with bent shoulders, and stagger as if carrying burdens too heavy for their strength. They are, nevertheless, said to be cheerful and even merry. They support their hard lot without repining, and save money. It is satisfactory to know that the contractors by whom the men are employed treat them with every consideration. A surgeon is always on the spot, accidents being frequent, and ample hospital accommodation is provided for the sick and injured.



THE FAMILY JEWEL.—[BY FRANZ HUARD.]



A DREARY DAY.—[By J. D. Watson.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(*Continued.*)

RORIE OBJECTS TO DUETS.

After this Lord Mallow gave up all hope of sympathy from Miss Tempest. What could be expected from a young lady who could not understand patriotism in the abstract, but wanted to pin a man down for life to the spot of ground for which his soul burned with the ardor of an orator and a poet? Imagine Tom Moore compelled to live in a humble cot in the Vale of Avoca! He infinitely preferred his humdrum cottage in Wiltshire. Indeed, I believe it has been proved against him that he had never seen the meeting of the waters, and wrote about that famous scene from hearsay. Ireland has never had a poet as Irish as Burns and Scott were Scottish. Her whole-hearted, single-minded national bard has yet to be born.

It was a relief, therefore, to Lord Mallow's active mind to find himself in conversation with a young lady who really cared for his subject and understood him. He could have talked to Lady Mabel forever. The limits of five-o'clock tea were far too narrow. He was delighted when the duchess paused, as she was going away, and said:

"I hope you will come and see us at Ashbourne, Lord Mallow; the duke will be very pleased to know you."

Lord Mallow murmured something expressive of a mild ecstasy, and the duchess swept onward, like a three-decker with all sails set, Lady Mabel gliding, like a neat little pinnace, in her wake. Lord Mallow was glad when the next day's post brought him a card of invitation to the ducal dinner on December the 31st. He fancied that he was indebted to Lady Mabel for this civility.

"You are going, of course," he said to Violet, twisting the card between his fingers meditatively.

"I believe I am asked."

"She is," answered Mrs. Carmichael, from her seat behind the urn; "and I consider, under the circumstances, it is extremely kind of the duchess to invite her."

"Why?" asked Lord Mallow, intensely mystified.

"Why, the truth is, my dear Lord Mallow, that Violet is in an anomalous position. She has been to Lady Southminster's ball, and a great many parties about here. She is out, and yet not out, if you understand."

Lord Mallow looked as if he was very far from understanding.

"She has never been presented," explained Mrs. Carmichael. "It is too dreadful to think of. People would call me the most neglectful of mothers. But the season before last seemed too soon after dear Edward's death, and last season, well"—blushing and hesitating a little—"my mind was so much occupied, and Violet herself was so indifferent about it, that somehow or other the time slipped by and the thing was not done. I feel myself awfully to blame—almost as much so as if I had neglected her confirmation. But early next season—at the very first Drawing-room, if possible—she must be presented, and then I shall feel a great deal more comfortable in my mind."

"I don't think it matters one bit," said Lord Mallow, with appalling recklessness.

"It would matter immensely if we were travelling; Violet could not be presented at any foreign court, or invited to any court ball. She would be an outcast. I shall have to be presented myself, on my marriage with Captain Carmichael. We shall go to London early in the spring. Conrad will take a small house in Mayfair."

"If I can get one," said the captain, doubtfully. "Small houses in Mayfair are as hard to get nowadays as black pearls, and as dear."

"I am charmed to think you will be in town," exclaimed Lord Mallow; "and, perhaps, some night, when there is an Irish question on, you and Miss Tempest might be induced to come to the Ladies' Gallery. Some ladies rather enjoy a spirited debate."

"I should like it amazingly!" cried Violet. "You are awfully rude to one another, are you not? And you imitate cocks and hens, and do all manner of dreadful things. It must be capital fun."

This was not at all the kind of appreciation Lord Mallow desired.

"Oh yes, we are excruciatingly funny sometimes, I dare say, without knowing it," he said, with a mortified air.

He was getting on the friendliest terms with Violet. He was almost as much at home with her as Rorie was, except that she never called him by his Christian name, nor flashed at him those lovely, mirth-provoking glances which he surprised sometimes on their way to Mr. Vawdrey. Those two had a hundred small jokes and secrets that dated back to Vixen's childhood. How could a new-comer hope to be on such delightful terms with her? Lord Mallow felt this, and hated Roderick Vawdrey as intensely as it was possible for a nature radically good and generous to hate even a favored rival. That Roderick was his rival, and was favored, were two ideas of which Lord Mallow could not dispossess himself, notwithstanding the established fact of Mr. Vawdrey's engagement to his cousin.

"A good many men begin life by being engaged to their cousins," reflected Lord Mallow. "A man's relations take it into their heads to keep an estate in the family, and he is forthwith set at his cousin like an unwilling terrier at a rat. I don't at all feel as if this young man were permanently disposed of, in spite of all their talk; and I'm very sure Miss Tempest likes him better than I should approve of were I the cousin."

While he loitered over his second cup of coffee, with the ducal card of invitation in his hand, it seemed to him a good opportunity for talking about Lady Mabel.

"A very elegant girl, Lady Mabel," he said, "and remarkably clever. I never talked to a young woman, or an old one either, who knew so much about Ireland. She's engaged to that gawky cousin, isn't she?"

Vixen shot an indignant look at him, and pouted her rosy under-lip.

"You mean young Vawdrey. Yes; it is quite an old engagement. They were affianced to each other in their cradles, I believe," answered Captain Carmichael.

"Just what I should have imagined," said Lord Mallow.

"Why?"

"Because they seem to care so little for each other now."

"Oh, but, dear Lord Mallow, remember; Lady Mabel Ashbourne is too well bred to go about the world advertising her affection for her future husband," remonstrated Mrs. Carmichael. "I'm sure, if you had seen us before our marriage, you would never have guessed from our manner to each other that Conrad and I were engaged. You would not have a lady behave like a housemaid with her 'young man.' I believe in that class of life they always sit with their arms round each other's waists at evening parties."

"I would have a lady show that she has a heart, and is not ashamed to acknowledge its master," said Lord Mallow, with his eyes on Vixen, who sat stolidly silent, pale with anger. "However, we will put down Lady Mabel's seeming coldness to good-breeding. But as to Mr. Vawdrey, all I can say about him is that he may be in love with his cousin's estate, but he is certainly not in love with his cousin."

This was more than Vixen could brook.

"Mr. Vawdrey is a gentleman, with a fine estate of his own," she cried. "How dare you impute such meanness to him?"

"It may be mean, but it is the commonest thing in life."

"Yes, among adventurers who have no other road to fortune than by marrying for money; but do you suppose it can matter to Roderick whether he has a thousand acres less or more, or two houses instead of one? He is going to marry Lady Mabel because it was the dearest wish of his mother's heart, and because she is perfect and proper and accomplished and wonderfully clever—you said as much yourself—and exactly the kind of wife that a young man would be proud of. There are reasons enough, I should hope," concluded Vixen, indignantly.

She had spoken breathlessly, in gasps of a few words at a time, and her eyes flashed their angriest light upon the astounded Irishman.

"Not half a reason if he does not love her," he answered, boldly. "But I believe young Englishmen of the present day marry for reason and not for love. Cupid has been cashiered in favor of Minerva. Foolish marriages are out of fashion. Nobody ever thinks of love in a cottage. First, there are no more cottages; and secondly, there is no more love."

Christmas was close at hand: a trying time for Vixen, who remembered the jolly old Christmas of days gone by, when the poor from all the surrounding villages came to receive the squire's lavish bounty, and not even the tramp or the cadger was sent empty-handed away. Under the new master all was done by line and rule. The distribution of coal and blankets took place down in Beechdale, under Mr. and Mrs. Scobel's management. Vixen went about from cottage to cottage in the wintry dusk, giving her small offerings out of her scanty allowance of pocket-money, which Captain Carmichael had put at the lowest figure he decently could.

"What can Violet want with pocket-money?" he asked, when he discussed the subject with his wife. "Your dress-maker supplies all her gowns and bonnets and hats. You give her gloves—every thing. Nobody calls upon her for any thing."

"Her papa always gave her a good deal of money," pleaded Mrs. Carmichael. "I think she gave it almost all away to the poor."

"Naturally. She went about pauperizing honest people because she had more money than she knew what to do with. Let her have ten pounds a quarter to buy gloves and eau-de-Cologne, writing-paper and postage-stamps, and trifles of that kind. She can't do much harm with that, and it is quite as much as you can afford, since we have both made up our minds to live within our income."

Mrs. Carmichael sighed and assented, as she was wont to do. It seemed hard that there should be this need of economy; but it was in a manner Violet's fault that they were all thus restricted, since she was to take so much and to reduce her mother almost to penury by-and-by.

"I don't know what would become of me without Conrad's care," thought the dutiful wife.

Going among her poor this Christmas with almost empty hands, Violet Tempest discovered what it was to be really loved. Honest eyes brightened none the less at her coming, the little children flocked as fondly to her knee. The changes at the Abbey House were very well understood. They were all put down to Captain Carmichael's account, and many a simple heart burned with indignation at the idea that the squire's golden-haired daughter was being "put upon."

One bright afternoon in the Christmas holidays Vixen consented, half reluctantly at the last, to let Lord Mallow accompany her in her visits among the familiar faces, and that was a rare day for the squire's old pensioners. The Irishman's pockets were full of half crowns and florins and sixpences for the rosy-faced, barefooted, dirty, happy children.

"It puts me in mind of the old country," he said, when he had made acquaintance with the interior of half a dozen cottages. "The people seem just as kind and friendly and improvident and idle and happy-go-lucky as my friends at home. That old Sassenach forester, now, that we saw sitting in the winter sun, drinking his noonday pint on a bench outside a rustic beer shop, looking the very image of lazy enjoyment—what Irishman could take life more lightly or seem better pleased with himself?—a free-born child of the sun and wind, ready to earn his living anyhow except by the work of his hands. Yes, Miss Tempest, I feel a national affinity to your children of the Forest. I wish I were Mr. Vawdrey, and bound to spend my life here."

"Why, what would life be to you if you had not ould Ireland to fight for?" cried Vixen, smiling at him.

"Life would be simply perfect for me if I had—"

"What?" asked Vixen, as he came to a sudden stop.

"The dearest wish of my heart. But I dare not tell you what that is yet awhile."

Vixen felt very sorry she had asked the question. She looked wildly round for another cottage. They had just done the last habitation in a straggling village in the heart of the woods. There was nothing human in sight by which the conversation might be diverted from the uncomfortable turn it had just taken. Yes; yonder under the beechen boughs Vixen descried a small child with red legs, like a Jersey partridge, dragging a smaller child by the arm, ankle-deep in the sodden leaves. To see them and to dart across the wet grass toward them were almost simultaneous.

"Tommy," cried Vixen, seizing the red-legged child, "why do you never come to the Abbey House?"

"Because Mrs. Trimmer says there's nothing for me," lisped the infant. "The new master sells the milk up in Lunnun."

"Laudable economy," exclaimed Vixen to Lord Mallow, who had followed her into the damp woodland and heard the boy's answer. "The poor old Abbey House can hardly know itself under such admirable management."

"There is as big a house where you might do what you liked; yes, and give away the cows as well as the milk, if you pleased, and none should say you nay," said Lord Mallow, in a low voice, full of unaffected tenderness.

"Oh, please don't!" cried Vixen—"don't speak too kindly. I feel sometimes as if one little kind word too much would make me cry like a child. It's the last straw, you know, that crushes the camel; and I hate myself for being so weak and foolish."

After this Vixen walked home as if she had been winning a match, and Lord Mallow, for his life, dared not say another tender word.

This was their last *tête-à-tête* for some time. Christmas came with its festivities, all of a placid and eminently well-bred character; and then came the last day of the year and the dinner at Ashbourne.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"FADING IN MUSIC."

"Mrs. Carmichael, on her marriage, by the Duchess of Dovedale."

That was the sentence which went on repeating itself like a cabalistic formula in Pamela Carmichael's mind, as her carriage drove through the dark silent woods to Ashbourne on the last night of the year.

A small idea had taken possession of her small mind. The duchess was the fittest person to present her to her gracious mistress, or her gracious mistress's representative, at the first Drawing-room of the coming season. Mrs. Carmichael had old friends, friends who had known her in her girlhood, who would have been happy to undertake the office. Captain Carmichael had an ancient female relative living in a fossil state at Hampton Court, and vaguely spoken of as "a connection," who would willingly emerge from her aristocratic hermitage to present her kinsman's bride to her sovereign, and whom the captain deemed the proper sponsor for his wife on that solemn occasion. But what social value had a fossilized Lady Susan Carmichael, of whom an outside world knew nothing, when weighed in the balance with the Duchess of Dovedale? No; Mrs. Carmichael felt that to be presented by the duchess was the one thing needful to her happiness.

It was a dinner of thirty people; quite a state dinner. The finest and newest orchids had been brought out of their houses, and the dinner table looked like a tropical forest in little. Vixen went in to dinner with Lord Ellangowan, which was an unappreciated honor, as that nobleman had very little to say for himself, except under extreme pressure, and in his normal state could only smile and look good-natured. Roderick Vawdrey was ever so far away, between his betrothed and an enormous dowager in sky-blue velvet and diamonds.

After dinner there was music. Lady Mabel played a dreary minor melody, chiefly remarkable for its delicate modulation from sharps to flats and back again. A large gentleman sang an Italian buffo song, at which the company smiled tepidly; a small young lady sighed and languished through "Non è ver;" and then Miss Tempest and Lord Mallow sang a duet.

This was the success of the evening. They were asked to sing again and again. They were allowed to monopolize the piano; and before the evening was over every one had decided that Lord Mallow and Miss Tempest were engaged. Only the voices of plighted lovers could be expected to harmonize as well as that.

"They must have sung very often together," said the duchess to Mrs. Carmichael.

"Only within the last fortnight. Lord Mallow never staid with us before, you know. He is my husband's friend. They were brother officers, and have known each other a long time. Lord Mallow insists upon Violet singing every evening. He is passionately fond of music."

"Very pleasant," murmured the duchess, approvingly; and then she glided on to shed the sunshine of her presence upon another group of guests.

Carriages began to be announced at eleven—that is to say, about half an hour after the gentlemen had left the dining-room—but the duke insisted that people should stop till twelve.

"We must see the old year out," he said. "It is a lovely night. We can go out on the terrace and hear the Ringwood bells."

This is how Violet and Lord Mallow happened to sing so many duets. There was plenty of time for music during the hour before midnight. After the singing, a rash young gentleman, pining to distinguish himself somehow—a young man with a pimply complexion, who had said with Don Carlos, "Three-and-twenty years of age, and nothing done for immortality!"—recited Tennyson's "Farewell to the Old Year" in a voice which was like any thing but a trumpet, and with gesticulation painfully suggestive of St. Vitus.

The long suite of rooms terminated in an orangery—a substantial stone building, with tessellated pavement, and wide windows opening on the terrace. The night was wondrously mild. The full moon shed her tender light upon the dark forest, the shining water-pools, the distant blackness of a group of ancient yew-trees on the crest of a hill. Ashbourne stood high, and the view from the terrace was at all times magnificent, but perhaps finest of all in the moonlight.

The younger guests wandered softly in and out of the rooms, and looked at the golden oranges glimmering against their dark leaves, and put themselves into positions that suggested the possibility of flirtation. Young ladies whose study of German literature had never gone beyond Ollendorff gazed pensively at the oranges, and murmured the song of Mignon. Couples of maturer growth whispered the details of unsavory scandals behind perfumed fans.

Vixen and Rorie were among these roving couples. Violet had left the piano, and Roderick was off duty. Lady Mabel and Lord Mallow were deep in the wrongs of Ireland. Captain Carmichael was talking agriculture with the duke, whose mind was sorely exercised about guano.

"My dear Sir, in a few years we shall have used up all the guano, and then what can become of us?" demanded the duke. "Talk about our exhausting our coal! What is that compared with the exhaustion of guano? We may learn to exist without fires. Our winters are becoming milder; our young men are going in for athletics; they can keep themselves warm upon bicycles. And then we have the gigantic coal-fields of America, the vast basin of the Mississippi, to fall back upon, with ever-increasing facilities in the mode of transport. But civilization must come to a dead lock when we have no more guano. Our grass, our turnips, our mangel, must deteriorate. We shall have no more prize cattle. It is too awful to contemplate."

"But do you really consider such a calamity at all probable, duke?" asked the captain.

"Probable, Sir? It is inevitable. In 1868 the Chincha Islands were estimated to contain about six million tons of guano. The rate of exportation had at that time risen to four hundred thousand tons per annum. At this rate the three islands will be completely exhausted by the year 1888, and England will have to exist without guano. The glory of the English people as breeders of prize oxen will have departed."

"Chemistry will have discovered new fertilizers by that time," suggested the captain, in a comforting tone.

"Sir," replied the duke, severely, "the discoveries of modern science tend to the chimerical rather than the practical. Your modern scientists can liquefy oxygen, they can light a city with electricity, but they can not give me any thing to increase the size and succulence of my turnips. Virgil knew as much about agriculture as your modern chemist."

While the duke was holding forth about guano, Vixen and Rorie were on the terrace, in the stillness and moonlight. There was hardly a breath of wind. It might have been a summer evening. Vixen was shrouded from head to foot in a white cloak which Rorie had fetched from the room where the ladies had left their wraps. She looked all white and solemn in the moonlight, like a sheeted ghost.

Although Mr. Vawdrey had been civil enough to go in quest of Violet's cloak, and had seemed especially desirous of bringing her to the terrace, he was by no means delightful now he had got her there. They took a turn or two in silence, broken only by a brief remark about the beauty of the night and the extent of the prospect.

"I think it is the finest view in the Forest," said Vixen, dwelling on the subject for lack of any thing else to say. "You must be very fond of Ashbourne."

"I don't exactly recognize the necessity. The view is superb, no doubt, but the house is frightfully commonplace. It is a little better than Briarwood. That is about all which an enthusiastic admirer could advance in its favor. How much longer does Lord Mallow mean to take up his abode with you?"

Vixen shrugged her cloaked shoulders with an action that seemed to express contemptuous carelessness.

"I haven't the least idea. That is no business of mine, you know."

"I don't know any thing of the kind," retorted Rorie, captiously. "I should have thought it was very much your business."

"Should you, really?" said Vixen, mockingly.

If the gentleman's temper was execrable, the lady's mood was not too amiable.

"Yes. Are not you the loadstar? It is your presence that makes the Abbey House pleasant to him. Who can wonder that he protracts his stay?"

"He has been with us a little more than a fortnight."

"He has been with you an age. Mortals who are taken up to paradise seldom stay so long. Sweet dreams are not so long. A fortnight in the same house with you, meeting with you at breakfast, parting with you at midnight, seeing you at noontide and afternoon, walking with you, riding with you, singing with you, kneeling down to family prayer at your side, mixing his 'Amen' with yours; why, he might as well be your husband at once. He has as much delight in your society."

"You forget the hours in which he is shooting pheasants and playing billiards."

"Glimpses of purgatory, which make his heaven all the more divine," said Rorie. "Well, it is none of my business, as you said just now. There are people born to be happy, I suppose—creatures that come into the world under a lucky star."

"Undoubtedly, and among them notably Mr. Vawdrey, who has every thing that the heart of a reasonable man can desire."

"So had Solomon, and yet he made his moan."

"Oh, there is always a crumpled rose leaf in every body's bed. And if the rose leaves were all smooth, a man would crumple one on purpose, in order to have something to grumble about. Hark, Rorie!" cried Vixen, with a sudden change of tone, as the first silvery chime of Ringwood bells came floating over the woodland distance—the low moon-lit hills; "don't be cross. The old year is dying. Remember the dear days that are gone, when you and I used to think a new year a thing to be glad about. And now, what can the new years bring us half so good as that which the old ones have taken away?"

She had slipped her little gloved hand through his arm, and drawn very near to him, moved by tender thoughts of the past. He looked down at her with eyes from which all anger had vanished. There was only love in them—deep love; love such as a very affectionate brother might perchance give his only sister; but it must be owned that brothers capable of such love are rare.

"No, child," he murmured, sadly. "Years to come can bring us nothing so good or so dear as the past. Every new year will drift us farther."

They were standing at the end of the terrace farthest from the orangery windows, out of which the duchess and her visitors came trooping to hear the Ringwood chimes. Rorie and Vixen kept quite apart from the rest. They stood silent, arm in arm, looking across the landscape toward the winding Avon and the quiet market-town, hidden from them by intervening hills. Yonder, nestling among those grassy hills, lies Moyles Court, the good old English manor-house where noble Alice Lisle sheltered the fugitives from Sedgemoor, paying for that one act of womanly hospitality with her life. Farther away, on the banks of the Avon, is the quiet church-yard where that gentle martyr of Jeffreys's lust for blood takes her long rest. The creeping spleen-wort thrives amidst the gray stones of her tomb. To Vixen these things were so familiar that it was as if she could see them with her bodily eyes, as she looked across the distance, with its mysterious shadows, its patches of silver light.

The bells chimed on with their tender cadence, half joyous, half sorrowful. The shallower spirits among the guests chattered about the beauty of the night and the sweetness of the bells. Deeper souls were silent, full of saddest thoughts. Who is there who has not lost something in the years gone by which earth's longest future can not restore? Only eternity can give back the ravished treasures of the dead years.

Violet's lips trembled and were dumb. Roderick saw the tears rolling down her pale cheeks, and offered no word of consolation. He knew that she was thinking of her father.

"Dear old squire," he murmured, gently, after an interval of silence. "How good he was to me, and how fondly I loved him!"

That speech was the sweetest comfort he could have offered her. Vixen gave his arm a grateful hug.

"Thank God there is some one who remembers him, besides his dogs and me!" she exclaimed; and then she hastily dried her tears, and made herself ready to meet Lord Mallow and Lady Mabel Ashbourne, who were coming along the terrace toward them, talking gayly. Lord Mallow had a much wider range of subjects than Mr. Vawdrey. He had read more, and could keep pace with Lady Mabel in her highest flights: science, literature, politics, were all as one to him. He had crammed his vigorous young mind with every thing which it behooved a man panting for Parliamentary distinction to know.

"Where have you two people been hiding yourselves for the last half hour?" asked Lady Mabel. "You were wanted badly just now for 'Blow, gentle gales.' I know you can manage the bass, Rorie, when you like."

"'Lo, behold a pennant waving!'" sang Rorie, in deep full tones. "Yes, I can manage that much, at a push. You seem music-mad to-night, Mabel. The old year is making a swan-like end—fading in music."

Rorie and Vixen were still standing arm in arm; rather too much as if they belonged to each other, Lady Mabel thought. The attitude was hardly in good taste, according to Lady Mabel's law of taste, which was a code as strict as Draco's.

The bells rang on.

"The new year has come!" cried the duke. "Let us all shake hands in the friendly German fashion."

On this there was a general shaking of hands, which appeared to last a long time. It seemed rather as if the young people of opposite sexes shook hands with each other more than once. Lord Mallow would hardly let Violet's hand go, once having got it in his hearty grasp.

"Hail to the first new year we greet together!" he said, softly. "May it not be the last! I feel that it must not, can not be the last."

"You are wiser than I, then," Vixen answered, coldly, "for my feelings tell me nothing about the future, except"—and here her face beamed at him with a lovely smile—"except that you will be kind to Bullfinch."

"If I were an emperor I would make him a consul," answered the Irishman.

He had contrived to separate Roderick and Vixen. The young man had returned to his allegiance, and was escorting Lady Mabel back to the house. Every body began to feel chilly, now that the bells were silent, and there was a general hurrying off to the carriages, which were standing in an oval ring round a group of deodoras in front of the porch on the other side of the house.

Rorie and Vixen met no more that night. Lord Mallow took her to her carriage, and sat opposite her, and talked to her during the homeward drive. Captain Carmichael was smoking a cigar on the box. His wife slumbered peacefully.

"I think I may be satisfied with Theodore," she said, as she composed herself for sleep; "my dress was not quite the worst in the room, was it, Violet?"

"It was lovely, mamma. You can make yourself quite happy," answered Vixen, truthfully; whereupon the matron breathed a gentle sigh of content, and lapsed into slumber.

They had the Boldrewood Road before them—a long hilly road cleaving the very heart of the forest; a road full of ghosts at the best of times, but offering a Walpurgis revel of phantoms on such a night as this to the eye of the belated wanderer. How ghostly the deer were, as they skimmed across the road and flitted away into dim distances, mixing with and melting into the shadows of the trees! The little gray rabbits, sitting up on end, were like circles of hobgoblins that dispersed and vanished at the approach of mortals. The leafless old hawthorns, rugged and crooked, silvered by the moonlight, were most ghost-like of all. They took every form, from the most unearthly to the most grotesquely human.

Violet sat wrapped in her furred white mantle, watching the road as intently as if she had never seen it before. She never could grow tired of these things. She loved them with a love which was part of her nature.

"What a delightful evening, was it not?" asked Lord Mallow.

"I suppose it was very nice," answered Violet, coolly; "but I have no standard of comparison. It was my first dinner at Ashbourne."

"What a remarkably clever girl Lady Mabel is! Mr. Vawdrey ought to consider himself extremely fortunate."

"I have never heard him say that he does not so consider himself."

"Naturally. But I think he might be a little more enthusiastic. He is the coolest lover I ever saw."

"Perhaps you judge him by comparison with Irish lovers. Your nation is more demonstrative than ours."

"Oh, an Irish girl would cashier such a fellow as Mr. Vawdrey. But I may possibly misjudge him. You ought to know more about him than I. You have known him—"

"All my life," said Violet, simply. "I know that he is good and stanch and true, that he honored his mother, and that he will make Lady Mabel Ashbourne a very good husband. Perhaps if she were a little less clever and a little more human, he might be happier with her; but no doubt that will all come right in time."

"Anyway it will be all the same in a century or so," assented Lord Mallow. "We are going to have lovely weather as long as this moon lasts, I believe. Will you go for a long ride to-morrow—like that first ride of ours?"

"When I took you all over the world for sport?" said Vixen, laughing. "I wonder you are inclined to trust me after that. If Captain Carmichael likes, I don't mind being your guide again to-morrow."

"Captain Carmichael shall like. I'll answer for that. I would make his life unendurable if he were to refuse."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 2.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 9.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 16.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 23.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
Tuesday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

Inventivenesss in doing good is an unmixed blessing to the world. It asks no patent rights to secure a profit to the inventor, but is willingly bestowed on all as a free gift. None of the charities of our city have been more happily conceived than "The Exchange for Woman's Work," which was opened in April, 1878. Its object is to offer a species of bazar for the sale of articles of use or ornament made by women's hands. A small percentage is charged for the services of the Exchange, that it may meet its own expenses. In less than a year 17,566 articles have been registered, and of the whole number only thirty-seven have been rejected. Receipts from all sources have amounted to $10,353; for expenses $2371 have been paid. The sum of $6566 has been returned to consignors, leaving a balance in the treasury of $1426. The commission of ten per cent. does not pay all expenses, which are defrayed in part by private contributions. The Exchange is in the hands of well-known ladies of the city, and is growing rapidly in favor.

It can not be said yet that "all is quiet" at St. James's, Hatcham. On Sunday, January 19, the new rector, the Rev. H. A. Walker, took possession of the church. The services were plain, and proceeded peaceably to the close. When the afternoon service was over the members of the two religious parties remained, and began to use strong language toward each other. A young man assaulted one of the church-wardens, but was pushed down the aisle and forced out of the building. The police were called in, and again ordered out. The two church-wardens then, with much effort, and almost a riot, succeeded in getting the crowd away. One of them, Mr. Saunders, then removed some ornaments from the altar and carried them into the vestry. The rector, throughout all the disturbance, succeeded in controlling himself, and showed a most peaceable spirit.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the sturdy advocate of temperance legislation in the British Parliament, is about to offer a resolution in advance of the consideration of the Permissive Bill, which he has in charge. It affirms that "a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses should be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected, namely, the inhabitants themselves, who are entitled to protection from the injurious consequences of the present system by some measure of local option." Sir Wilfrid is desirous of having an expression of opinion by Parliament on the principle of his bill. It is his belief that members will vote for the resolution who would not vote for the bill itself.

The American Palestine Exploration Society is about to give to the world the result of its labors in a complete map of the region east of the Jordan. This, in company with Lieutenant Conder's map of Palestine proper, will add largely to our geographical knowledge of the Holy Land. The exploration has been under the general supervision of Professor Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary. The first party, under Lieutenant Steever, surveyed 500 square miles of territory in 1873; the second, under Colonel Lane, made a rapid reconnoissance of the whole trans-Jordanic country, covering an area of 6000 square miles. The third party was led by Dr. Selah Merrill. The map, which has been prepared by Mr. Rudolph Meyer, assistant engineer of the expedition, will consist of thirteen sheets, and will be published on a scale of an inch to a mile. It contains 225 names found on no other map.

A public meeting to consider the reformation of the tenement-house system of New York is timely. The best reformation of it conceivable is to reform it out of existence. It would be abolished speedily if the average prosperous citizen were brought into immediate contact with its horrors, as pastors, missionaries, and physicians are. At best the houses are unwholesome: imperfect light, vitiated air, and crowding make them unfit for homes of human beings; but when we add the filth, the dark passageways, the frequent contact of children with obscenity and depravity, the wonder is that New York has not more frequent eruptions of disorder than have marked its history. With cheap rapid transit established, there is no longer an apology for the crowded tenement-house.

Among the recent deaths in the religious world may be recorded those of the Rev. Dr. Hugh M'Neile, of Liverpool, and the Rev. Dr. Leonard Woods, ex-president of Bowdoin College, Maine. Dr. M'Neile was the chief of the clergy of Liverpool, and a popular orator, whose fame was well known to England and the United States. Tall and commanding in person, and gifted with a rich voice, his power over his audiences was most extraordinary. He was particularly successful as a platform speaker, and was long one of the chief attractions of Exeter Hall on anniversary occasions. Dr. Woods is best known by his translation of *Knapp's Christian Theology*. He was a man of great erudition, and a successful college president for nearly thirty years. Of late he has been almost wholly withdrawn from public life.

Dr. Falk, the cultus minister of Prussia, very earnestly defends the system of public-school education now existing in that kingdom against the imputation of irreligion. It was stated in the Diet that the Falk laws were "breeding a generation of unbelievers, and that the schools were turning out ready-made Hödels." He found, he said, that Hödel had abundance of Scripture knowledge, "and could repeat hymns by the dozen." The hours of instruction in the schools have been shortened, and the time given to religious teaching has necessarily been shortened also. Bible-reading and direct instruction in religion still obtain. This statement disposes of a charge frequently made against the modified educational laws of Prussia.

The Congregational statistics of the United States for 1878–79 still show a great disproportion between settled and acting pastors. Of churches having pastors there are only 910; of churches with acting pastors there are 1806; of churches supplied, 242; of churches unsupplied, 662, making a total of 3620 churches—a gain of 56 for the year. The ministers are—pastors, 896; acting pastors, 1464; not in pastoral work, 1136, making a total of 3496—a gain of 90 for the year.

The reply of Sophronius, Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, to the letter from the Anglican bishops, conveyed by the Bishop of Gibraltar, is full of expressions of good feeling. "Receiving as a most propitious omen," says the archbishop, "the convention recently concluded between the government of the Queen of England and the Turkish government, as affording an opportunity of drawing closer the friendly relations between the two Churches, the Greek Orthodox and the national Anglican, we pray and desire that these good relations may be more completely established between all Christian Churches who hold the one and only Head, and acknowledge the one and only Mediator between God and man, our Lord Jesus Christ, God blessed forever. All the orthodox Churches of the East, at any rate, you may be sure, will each pray continually for the peace of the whole world and the unity of all men."

The persecution of the Rev. G. S. Ben Oliel by the authorities of Alcoy is not a solitary instance of the annoyances to which Protestant ministers in Spain are exposed. An Englishman who opened a Protestant mission at Vitoria, Spain, early in 1878, quickly found himself beset by spies employed by the priests. If he went into a house, the people there living were warned against harboring the heretic; one landlord after another was induced by priestly persuasion not to hire him lodgings. Finally his household goods were turned out of doors. "At five in the morning he persuaded an acquaintance to allow him to deposit them in his warehouse; but before the second load could arrive the priests had alarmed this person, and he refused to admit any more. For the whole day this load of furniture traversed the streets of Vitoria, seeking in vain a place of deposit. The goods found a resting-place at last in the railway station, the priests offering double the rent, however, for the place, if the company would turn out the effects of the heretic." A queer country is Spain, decidedly.

"Is the modern pulpit a failure?" was the topic of Bishop Simpson's last lecture to the Yale divinity students. The discussion of this theme was a strong presentation by the lecturer of the power of the pulpit as a leader in the work of civilization. The bishop made a clear distinction between "failures in the pulpit and the failure of the pulpit." He showed with much force that the pulpit is a pioneer to open the way for the secular press. "While the press"—to use his exact language—"may assist the pulpit, it is the pulpit which indirectly gives life and power to the press. It informs the public mind, incites to reading and study, and prepares a host of readers to receive and enjoy its daily issues. Will any of these men who boast of the power of the press establish a printing-office among the pagan Indians? Did any of them carry the daily press to the Feejee Islands or to New Guinea? Christian missionaries went there, the people were evangelized, a religious press was established, and a secular press has slowly followed." Of the last lecture the *Independent* says: "An audience which crowded the chapel and even filled the entranceways was in attendance, including nearly all the seminary faculty, and a large representation of clergymen, besides the usual number of ladies."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A wag brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver, "That's a fine horse you have there." "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault; he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."

It is a fact fully understood by railroad men that the lines having the most long tunnels on the route secure the bulk of the bridal-tour trade.

"Why is that like the nags themselves?" said an attenuated man, pointing to the vapor that rose from a pair of panting ponies the other day. "Because it travels fast?" timidly suggested a by-stander. "Nay, neigh," replied the a. m., as he dodged behind the wagon; "it's because it's steam of horses."

"Do eagles give milk, mother?" asked the boy. "No, my son; what made you think so?" "Because I've heard the eagles scream." The mother reached for her slipper, but the embryo paragrapher had vanished.

"Them twins looks as much alike as a pair of suspenders," remarked a friend to a husband who had experienced a surprise party a few weeks since.

He could stand it, he said, to have his wife paint every thing, from a tin cup to an old straw hat, and stick it all over with Cupids and heathen Chinese. But when she swooped down upon their last mince-pie and embellished that, he thought it was time to "kick." And he did.

"When shall I call you in the morning, Sir?" asked a hotel waiter of an Aberdonian one night. He replied, pawkily, "I'll ring the bell when I wish to be called."

"Your daughter has treated me very curt—" And the young man was lifted up by the parental boot from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the horse-car track. He arose as quick as he could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was "courteously;" and Alphonso was taken under the inhospitable roof once more, had his pantaloons mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to his ma in a hack. Thus is true greatness rewarded and impetuosity rebuked.

A professor in Cornell, lecturing on the effect of the wind in some Western forests, remarked: "In travelling along the road I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them; so I went round."

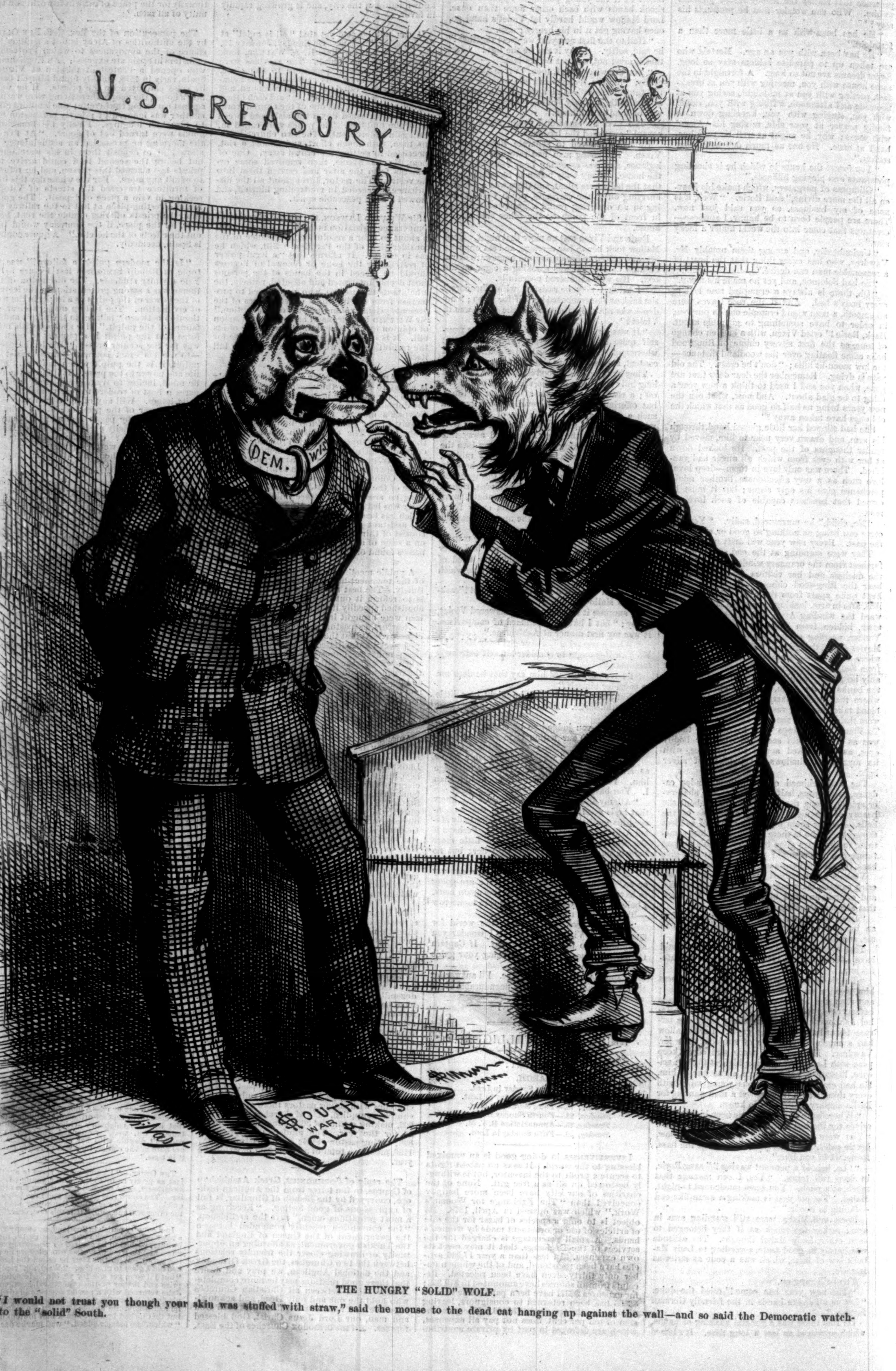
A woman lecturer advertises herself in Providence as a "child of nature, wearing the unmistakable crown of genius, and doing her share in the ever-appointed work of genius—the work of making the whole world kin. She brings with her the electricity of the North, the brilliancy of the aurora borealis, and all who meet her are magnetized."

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked: "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

Growing out of it.—A pious old lady complained to her clergyman that an orthodox neighbor maintained that her—the neighbor's—children were born Christians. "Oh, well," responded the clergyman, "I wouldn't dispute with her about it: if her children are born as she claims, they will probably grow out of it in time."

The Other.—"I know where there is another arm just as pretty as this one," said a young fellow to his sweetheart, as he pinched her fair arm the other evening. The storm that gathered upon the lady's brow as quickly passed away when the young man pinched the other arm and said, "It is this one, dear."

In a country parish in Scotland, not many years ago, a town clergyman, who was officiating for his clerical brother, wished to be assured by his own eyes that his gown and tie were in perfect order before he ascended the pulpit. With this view he asked the beadle if he had not a glass to give him. "Weel, no," replied John, "but I'll soon get ane for ye, Sir." Imagine the surprise and horror of the evangelical gentleman when John returned with a pewter measure in his hand, and placing it before the worthy divine, informed him that he had been quite unable to procure a single "glass," but that he had brought him a half mutchkin instead, "which," he naively added, "wad maybe dae as weel."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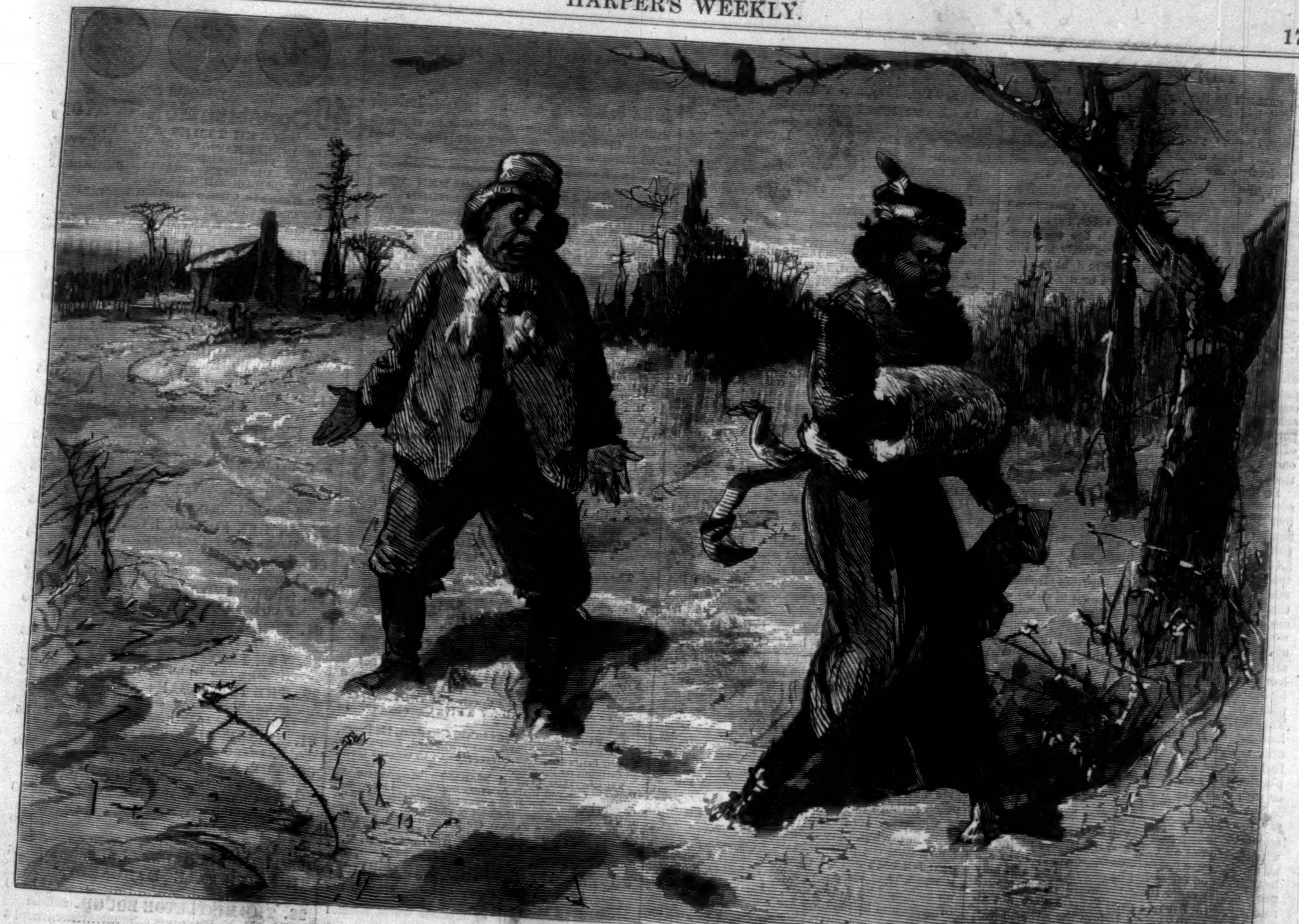
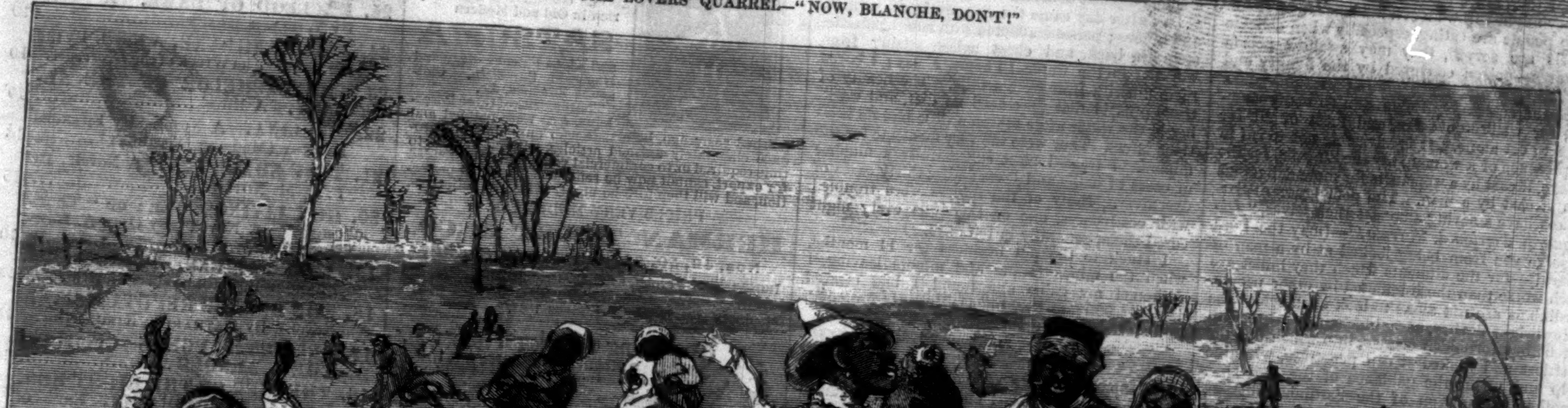
THE HUNGRY "SOLID" WOLF.

"I would not trust you though your skin was stuffed with straw," said the mouse to the dead cat hanging up against the wall—and so said the Democratic watch-dog to the "solid" South.



THE LOVERS' QUARREL.—"NOW, BLANCHE, DON'T!"



FLIRTATION ON THE SKATING RINK.

BLACKVILLE WINTER SKETCHES.—[Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jun.]

THE EVIL-EYE.

ACCORDING to the Talmudic legend, the angel Gabriel had to wash the fire which he brought over from hell to the earth by rinsing it thrice in deepest ocean. That process not being an easy one, many souls come back to us which are but imperfectly cleansed, and have not been purified to the quick. Theirs is the "evil-eye," mentioned in the Athar-Veda, and in Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Theocritus, and many others—an eye where, under brows which meet, flares with a red glow a drop of the hellish fire that consumes and devours, while the heavenly fire illumines and brightens. That impure light is never so potent as when it shines from or upon an unwashed face. Eyes of witches and demons are red, says the folk-lore; the more fiendish the spirit, the more inflamed are the eyelids. This evil-eye casts a peculiar look, they say—a darting glance which stings unawares, a hungry leer which leaves a feeling of uneasiness. Nervous people thus looked at complain, or are said to complain, of weariness and drowsiness, of headache and general lack of energy. They are reported to have been "vampirized." "The spark of hell" acts on men as a hot, scorching wind acts on leaves, which it scarcely moves, while it dries their substance and destroys their vitality.

De Faira narrates that at Mascate there are such sorcerers that they eat the inside of any body only by fixing their eyes upon him. In the country of Sennar and Fassokl they have rivals not less powerful, who, by a mere look of their evil-eye (*Aïn el hassid*), stop the blood in the heart and the arteries of their enemy, desiccate his entrails, unsettle his intellect. We learn from Grohmann that it is necessary to shut the eyes of those who are expiring, for if it were not done, the dead man would use his eyes to look at the living, especially at his friends and kindred, and would draw them after him. Wuttke reports that any body who has not the power of the evil-eye can acquire it by searching in a cemetery until he finds some plank of a coffin which has a branch-hole in it. That hole, through which the deceased was on the look-out, may be used as an eyeglass, and whoever is thus stared at sickens or comes to misfortune; and disease may be brought on the people simply by glancing at them through a chink, or with eyes askew.

Not all who have the evil-eye—the "*ill-e'e*," say the Scotch—are sorcerers; but all wizards and accursed ghosts have the evil-eye. And as witches are not all ugly and old hags, so likewise all evil-eyes are not sore or blood-shot; some are beautiful, and may even belong to good and holy people, who exert their untoward power unconsciously. In Albania even fathers were not allowed to see their sons before the seventh day, for fear that, much against their will as it would be, they might throw an evil influence upon them. When people are eating, especially when delicate morsels are served, they may swallow poison unawares—poison conveyed by the hungry and greedy looks which are glaring at the viands. Hence the custom, still extant in so many countries, for well-to-do folks, and most of all for kings, to eat alone. It is advisable not to eat in the presence of a woman, say the Zincalis, for the evil-eye, if cast by a woman, is far more dangerous than if cast by a man. The poor ignorant Sardinians have a saying amongst themselves, "*Dio vi guardi d'occhio di letterato!*"—(may the Lord preserve you from being looked at by a man of letters!)—for the ailments which they inflict are much worse than those inflicted by other people. Sardinians are not alone to look upon science as a downright devilry, as a black-art, replete with potent but forbidden secrets, into which but the craftiest and wickedest can penetrate, with the help and under the guidance of the Evil One. Another explanation of the Sardinian diction, more commonplace but less true, is that most *literati* have a more searching and more piercing look than is the wont. This helps us to understand why so many poets, painters, and musicians, more than others, are reported to be possessed with such mischievous influences. In Paris and in Vienna it is a standing joke that the composer Mr. Offenbach, of *La Belle Hélène* notoriety, is a *jettatore*. And the Romans attributed the evil-eye to the late Pius IX. It has been considered supremely ridiculous that the very people who prayed the head of Catholic Christendom to bless them, at the same time forked out two fingers to break the maleficent power of his glance.

Whole populations have been said to be endowed with the power of the evil-eye: among the ancients the Telchines, the Triballi, the Thebans, the Illyrians, and all the Thracian women. Among the moderns it is attributed by the Christians to the Turks; to the Christians, whether Catholics, Greeks, or Armenians, by the Turks; to the Sunnites by the Schiites; to the Schiites by the Sunnites. In the mouth of the orthodox, "evil-eye" is a term of abuse against infidels, possessed as such by unclean spirits. Christians and Moslems agree to endow with it the gypsies and the Jews, and sometimes the Hindoos. The traveller Halévy said he took advantage of that reputed power which causes his kinsfolk to be hated in all the East, but dreaded too, people fearing as much to meet as to offend them, holding it equally dangerous either to allow them any familiarity or to refuse them hospitality—even to accept a reward for that hospitality.

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I paid the $800, and became the owner of shanty, pills, and sixteen bottles of whiskey.

In the evening of the first day after I came into possession, a man opened the door, crying, "Doctor, Doctor." "He has gone," I replied. "Oh! oh! I shall die." "What is the matter?" "I have a fearful colic," said the poor fellow. I took him in, gave him ten Brandreth's Pills and a drink of whiskey; he suffered for some hours, then the pills acted and he went to sleep. He was perfectly well the next morning, and paid me $13 for my medicine and skill.

The next day a miner came howling with the toothache, his face was terribly swollen, and he wanted me to pull the tooth at once. I had no forceps, so I told him he had better take ten Brandreth's Pills and a horn of whiskey, that his tooth was sound as far as I could see. After swearing awhile, he took the pills and drink, and went away. The next night he came radiant; the swelling was gone and all pain; he paid me an ounce of gold, and said he was so glad he had saved his molar.

The next man that came had the horrors, he could not sleep; had been drinking steadily for a week. He swore he would kill me if I did not give him sleep. I had no laudanum, so I proposed giving him twelve pills and a tumblerful of whiskey. He swallowed both, and then laid down in my hut. He rolled and tossed for some hours, then the pills operated profusely, and the man fell back dead, I thought; but I soon saw it was a dead sleep; he slept 18 hours, and got up looking like a new man. I gave him a bowl of soup, and he paid me five ounces in gold, and went away rejoicing, taking six boxes of pills as a shield against delirium tremens.

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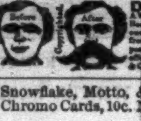

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